

September 1988

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



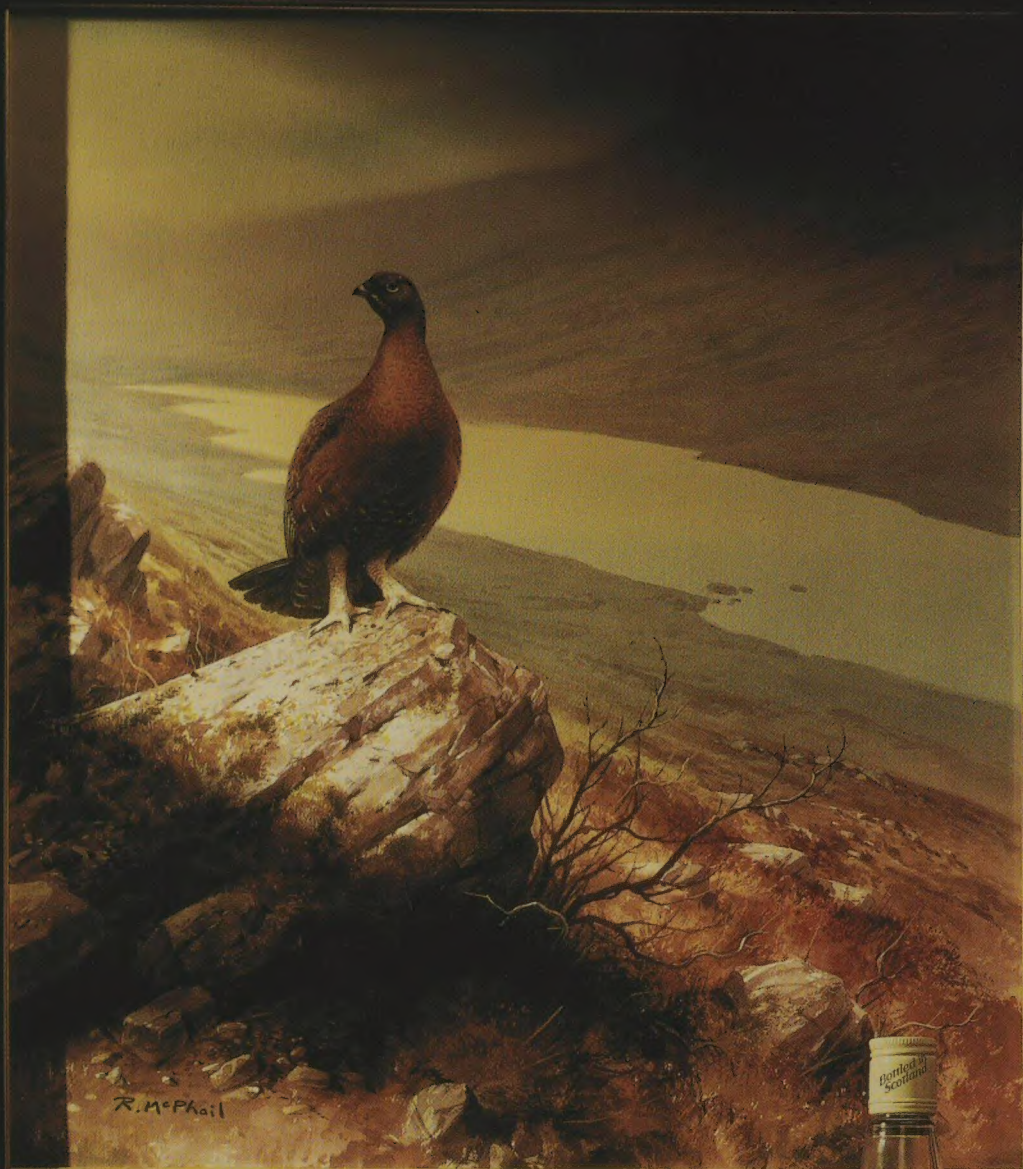
*Cecil Parkinson*

## PUTTING CECIL TOGETHER AGAIN

Film maker Derek Jarman on being AIDS Positive    Isaacs at the Opera House

Antonia Fraser and the Campden Hill Mob    Berkoff, Lawson in the Serpentine diary





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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7082 VOLUME 276 SEPTEMBER 1988

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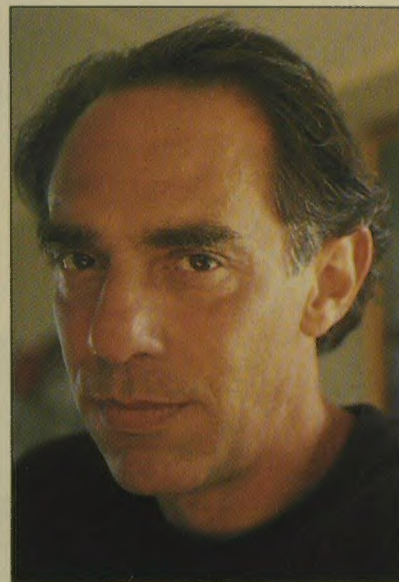
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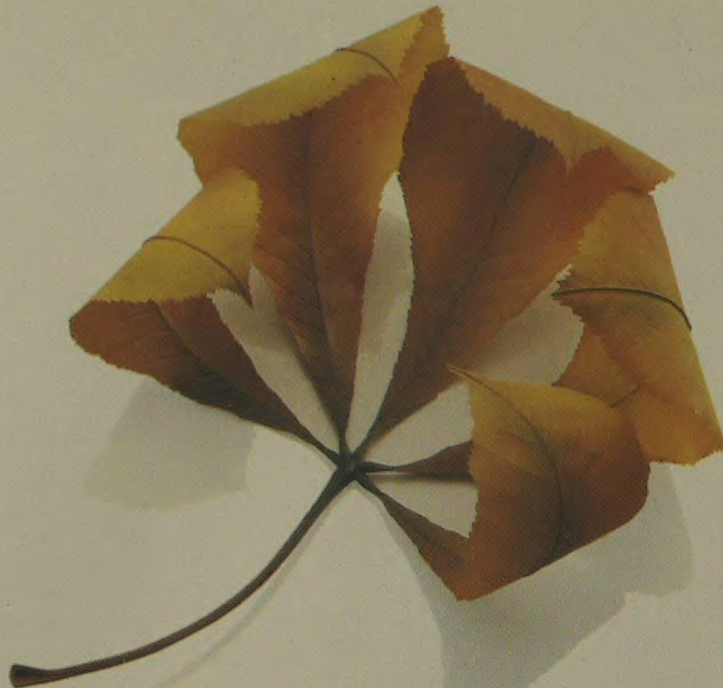
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The truth about Chigwell p38



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Newstrade Distributor: S.M. Distribution, 6 Leigham Court Road, Streatham, London SW16 2PG. Telephone 01-677 8111. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 (\$34), USA £25 (\$43), Europe £28 (\$48), Canada £28 (Can\$61), rest of the world £32 (\$55). Typesetting and printing in England by Watmoughs Limited, Idie, Bradford; and London. Colour reproduction by Bridge Graphics Limited. Published at the office of *The Illustrated London News*, Laurence House, 91-93 Southwark Street London SE1 0HX. September, 1988. Agents for Australasia: Gordon & Gotch Ltd; branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Launceston and Hobart, Australia; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## Editor's Letter

# HOT AIR AND COLD COMFORT

Anything seems more interesting than the ozone layer. Even the fractional changes in interest rates, or the tiny adjustments in Mrs Thatcher's administration, appear compelling compared to the little hole found some time ago in ozone above the Antarctic. Ozone is, after all, only oxygen that consists of three atoms instead of the usual two and it is difficult for most people to grasp that this stratospheric gas layer is finite and may have holes put in it.

The West Germans believe that the ozone layer is more seriously compromised than the recent expedition to the Antarctic suggested; that holes are appearing more frequently because of the continued emissions of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) into the atmosphere. They further consider that present scientific models for predicting the spread of these holes are wildly inaccurate.

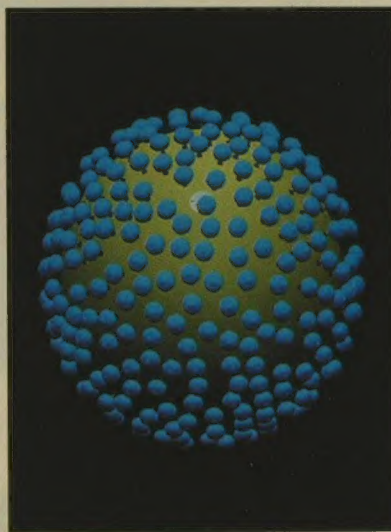
If this is true, and there is every reason to believe that the West Germans, one of the more environmentally conscious nations, are right in their forecasts, the effects will be catastrophic. The ozone layer protects all life forms from ultra violet rays which, aside from anything else, cause skin cancer in human beings.

Irrespective of whether the governments of the industrialised nations believe the West Germans, it is very hard to understand why they simply do not ban the use of CFCs. There are other propellants that would make aerosols work and a ban would stimulate industry to use them.

This seems unlikely to happen. Governments listen too much to industry which is motivated only by short-term profit. In environmental matters it is slothful, negligent and short-sighted. Only grudgingly have the western manufacturers of CFCs agreed to cut their output by 50 per cent by the end of the century.

On this issue, as in the emission of carbon monoxide gases from petrol, one is constantly struck by the feebleness of our international institutions. Everyone agrees that the pollution from motor vehicles and power stations will result in a gradual but devastating increase in this planet's temperature, but damn all is done about it. Given resolution and the suspension of the profit motive it would not be difficult for

governments to avert the disaster. They should not wait for international agreements but rather act on their own and immediately. The British Government should start by controlling the disgraceful emission from our power stations and proceed to the elimination of CFCs and improvement of vehicle exhaust systems. If it does not, consider it a measure of its ignorance and indolence and vote them out at the next election.



A computer view of AIDS

While reading about the ozone layer, I came across the following sentence. "A rise in surface ultra-violet levels may be associated with skin cancer and reduced efficiency of the immune system." The last part gave me the eerie feeling that perhaps all the really serious threats to life are in some hidden way related. It seems unlikely that the breakdown of millions of individual immune systems in Africa and the Western world has been caused by CFCs rather than the

AIDS virus. Still, the ignorance and lack of action on both is striking.

This month we publish Janet Watts's interviews with AIDS sufferers in London and a revealing article by Dr Joe Schwartz on the state of research. In the first I was impressed by, for lack of a better expression, the indomitable spirit of the sufferers. The second, though, is more depressing because it emphasises that there is little hope of a cure and that the disease is spreading into pandemic proportions.

At this stage, I cannot believe we are still fussing about the moral implications of the disease; whether or not this is a natural or divine retribution, whether or not we encroach on individual freedom by insisting on mass testing. It now seems to be a matter of survival and the first step must be to establish how many people are carriers of the virus and at what rate the disease is spreading. A programme of mass testing is the only way that this can be achieved.

*Henry Porter*





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# READERS' LETTERS

## ETHICAL REALTY

The Unseemly Scramble for Your Home (*ILN*, July) is not quite the problem in California realty circles as it appears to be in England. The following California characteristics make the process somewhat less vicious than you describe.

All California realtors and their agents are licensed by the State. No licence—no practice of the trade.

A licence-holder must pass an exam of half a day's duration and take a course in realty practices from a local education institution. To renew your licence each four years you must take at least 40 hours of tested educational programmes, including specific courses in ethics.

Almost all property sold is listed exclusively with a given realty office but then may be co-operatively sold by another office. The fee charged to the owner is usually split down the middle between the listing and selling offices.

There is no gazumping since a seller would have to pay a commission to the first agent, another commission to a second for the improved offer he wished to accept, and face a lawsuit for non-performance from the first accepted offeror. Under usual circumstances, the costs of sale in terms of advertising expenses are paid by the real estate firm. A sales sign on the designated property is usually acceptable but it is hard to imagine a listing agent allowing a sign from another company to be on "his" listed property.

We think it works well in California where, I suspect, there are more home sales than in Britain, even though Britain's population is twice that of California.

**Kenneth Bullock,**  
Carmel, California

Your feature about estate agents (*ILN*, July) was wonderful. About time someone exposed them. My experience certainly confirms that they are interested only in their percentage and not at all in servicing the customer—whether buyer or seller. Well done.

**Mrs Lucinda King,**  
Bletchley, Bucks

You cite facts about my client, Chesterton, that are incorrect. You describe the firm as having been "swallowed up by the Prudential a

matter of months after converting itself from a partnership to a limited company". Chesterton chose to sell a segment of its business, its string of residential estate agents, to the Prudential in order that it would be free to concentrate on the commercial property market. It is still a partnership, with 49 equity partners.

**Sandra Lewin,**  
**Daniel J. Edelman Ltd.**

*Carrie Segrave, author of The London Property Guide '88, replies: It was clear to anyone reading my article in full that I was talking of residential estate agencies. Chestertons (the residential side, with an "s") was, indeed, made totally separate from the commercial company, Chesterton (with no "s"). It was bought by the Prudential, and has now been absorbed into Prudential Property Services. I never mentioned the commercial, company.*

## HIPPO-CRITICAL

What a pity that my favourite magazine makes the mistake that all the other, more pretentious highbrow glossies make: namely, in sending some raw cub reporter to review a discotheque/nightclub (*ILN*, July). Not so much a "fish out of water" as a "wally in wonderland".

How on earth James Delingpole can review The Hippodrome dressed, by his own admission,

"casual smart" (ugh!) and ask at the bar for a glass of water is beyond my comprehension.

However, I must say I did have a laugh, as he was obviously so uncomfortable being served by one of our waitresses, whom he describes as an "Amazonian transvestite wearing a G-string", when a more observant reporter would realise that she is a six-foot transsexual. The majority of people believe she is a stunning 6ft girl, which is closer to the truth.

He then comes to the conclusion that The Hippodrome is "unashamedly a temple to conspicuous consumption and needless



expenditure". Now Mr Delingpole's politics are showing through. Follow the flag, boys! Come the revolution we shall change all this frivolity!

**Peter J. Stringfellow,**  
**The Hippodrome, London WC2**

## PUBLIC ENEMY

I am astounded by the article (*ILN* August) nominating the director of Network SouthEast, Chris Green, as "Londoner of the Year". This man has done for rail travel what Sir Clive Sinclair did for the motor cycle. His incompetence in reducing the service to an overcrowded, badly-organised, untimely system is exceeded only by his arrogant complacency in shrugging off cancellation of "only 55 trains out of 8,000 in a single day". His chairman, Sir Bob Reid, is currently attempting to defend this "service" to local MPs, besieged by constituency complaints. The majority of rail commuters would most aptly describe Green as "Public enemy No 1".

**Stephen R. Myhill,**  
**St Albans, Herts**

## WORD HARASSMENT

Do continue a column on the mis-use of the English language—well, not really mis-use so much as abuse. We might eventually get people to stop saying "harass" as though it were spelt "her-ass".

**Margaret E. Moore,**  
**Nogales, Arizona**

## INJECTING CHEER

An amusing piece in *Serpentine* (*ILN*, August) related to a partly overheard conversation of mine. It referred to my interest in the problems of the elderly and disabled.

Although no expert, I find the vernacular "style" of much equipment for the disabled unattractive, a hospital aesthetic displaying a sort of calvinistic utilitarian quality. Sports equipment is also designed to improve the performance of the human body. Recently, however, much effort has gone into making this attractive and desirable, presumably to stimulate sales. Maybe the elderly and disabled are cynically considered to be a captive market and choice and attractiveness are unnecessary luxuries.

I believe that effort should be made to make all things attractive, especially necessities. Therefore, I see no wrong in perhaps injecting a little "sporty" cheerfulness into the life of a patient recovering from a hip replacement.

**Sebastian Conran, Product-Identity-Design, London W14**

## WATER TORTURE

London 100 years ago: *ILN*, September 15, 1888

The virtues of hot water have had a great development of late years. People of fashion, whose digestions have been impaired, fancy that they still can eat half-a-dozen courses at dinner, if the water they drink with them is only hot enough. "I must trouble you," they whisper to their hostess, "to let it be very hot; merely warm water, you know, has—ahem!—an unpleasant effect." The water is, therefore, brought as if for shaving purposes, and generally cracks the tumbler. . . . Another purpose for which it is used is to send people to sleep at night. It is a little inconvenient to have to supply boiling water in the small hours of the morning to one's wakeful visitors; but, to do them justice, most of them bring spirit lamps and kettles of their own. . . . The Russians have now discovered that hot water has a quieting effect upon prisoners who are insubordinate—by means of a short hose, specially made to resist the heat, and attached to a steam-pipe nozzle, they squirt boiling water upon the offenders, and at once produce peace and quietness (by par-boiling).





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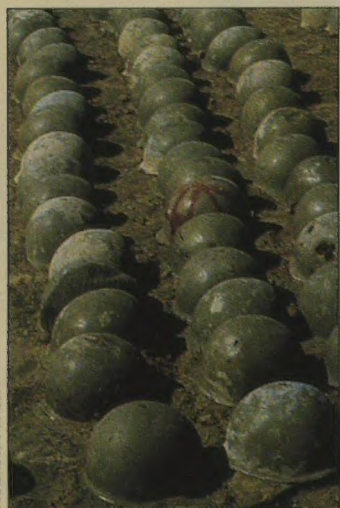
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# BRIDGING THE GULF

**M**ediators have had a testing time this month. Negotiations in New York, conducted by UN Secretary General Mr Pérez de Cuellar, were held up for more than 10 days by Iraq's insistence on direct talks as a prerequisite to ceasefire, and the Gulf war raged on, with Iran accusing its enemy of the continued use of chemical weapons. But on August 6, Iraq dropped its demands, insisting only on direct talks immediately after a truce. Iran agreed and after a weekend of hectic talks, a ceasefire date of August 20 was announced.

Meanwhile, at the Lambeth Conference, argument about the consecration of women bishops threatened to split the Anglican Communion, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Runcie, had a



FRANK SPOONER

**An estimated one million have died in the Gulf War**

gulf of his own to negotiate. Neither endorsing nor rejecting the ordination of women, the Conference finally left individual provinces to decide for themselves.

Heated argument at Lambeth was matched by an overheating of the British economy. Base rates were raised in an attempt to curb inflation which, aggravated by an overactive property market, had not been higher since February, 1986. However, as the balance of payments deficit topped £1 billion for the fourth time this year, the Chancellor was forced to admit that inflation would continue to rise well into 1989. But, in what amounted to a Prime Ministerial vote of confidence, he survived the summer reshuffle and will present another Budget.



STURROCK NETWORK

**A picture of unity: Anglican bishops at the Lambeth Conference**

## **MONDAY, JULY 11**

● Up to five terrorists hurling grenades and firing sub-machine guns on the Greek ferry, the *City of Poros*, killed nine passengers and injured at least 98 people. A few hours earlier, two Arabs were blown up by the explosives they were carrying in a car, and were suspected of being involved in the same operation.

● The US government announced that it would offer compensation to the families of the 290 passengers killed in the shooting down of the Iranian Airbus.

## **TUESDAY, JULY 12**

● Black Widow spiders were discovered in consignments of Californian grapes sent to Marks & Spencer and Sainsbury.

## **WEDNESDAY, JULY 13**

● Two IRA bombs exploded next to a British Army barracks in Duisberg, West Germany, slightly injuring nine sleeping soldiers.

## **THURSDAY, JULY 14**

● British Aerospace finally agreed to the EEC terms for their takeover of the Rover Group, which includes the provision of six-monthly reports to Brussels to



show that aid is being applied properly.

- British Rail announced plans for a train service which, by the turn of the century, will enable passengers to travel from London to Paris in two and a half hours.

## FRIDAY, JULY 15

- Men who had worked on the Piper Alpha oil rig revealed that

**“She may be Queen, she may be Prime Minister, she may be a doctor or a manager of a big business, but she will not mount the altar of sacrifice”**

*Bishop Hatendi of Harare speaking out against the ordination of women at the Lambeth conference*

the structure of the platform was badly corroded, that there were regular gas leaks and that there had been three fires in the weeks before it was destroyed by a series of massive explosions.

- The Civil Aviation Authority said that it could be years before European air traffic controllers could cope with the massive increase in flights by introducing new management schemes.

## SATURDAY, JULY 16

- A research team at Charing Cross hospital said that myalgic encephalitis or “yuppie flu”, may not be a virus, but simply old-fashioned tiredness.

## SUNDAY, JULY 17

- Neil Kinnock, the Labour Party leader, his wife and 15 other members of his entourage were forced into a waiting-room and held for over an hour by heavily armed soldiers in Mutare, Zimbabwe, when their plane landed at the wrong airfield during a tour of the African “Frontline States”.

## MONDAY, JULY 18

- After eight years of war, Iran unconditionally accepted United Nations Resolution 598 which called for an end to hostilities with Iraq. On July 19 there were further air battles between Iran and Iraq. On July 22 Iraq launched a major offensive against Iran and used chemical weapons.

- Graham Day, the Rover Group chairman, announced that the company would close down two of its plants, after the BAe sale, with the loss of 4,900 jobs.

- At the Lambeth Conference, Robert Runcie, the Archbishop of Canterbury, said that the ordination of women posed a “real and serious threat” to Anglican unity.

## TUESDAY, JULY 19

- A government bill to impose



Clearing debris at Inglis barracks after the IRA bomb attack

charges for dental and eye tests was defeated in the House of Lords.

- Archaeologists in Norfolk discovered an Anglo-Saxon pot lid depicting a man wearing what looks like a flat cap.

## WEDNESDAY, JULY 20

- Michael Dukakis, the Governor of Massachusetts, was confirmed as the Democrat's official presidential nominee.

- Nicholas Ridley, the Secretary of State for the Environment, announced that all 10 water authorities in England and Wales would be floated on the stock market in late autumn next year.

## THURSDAY, JULY 21

- Mortgage rates were raised by almost two per cent to 11.5 per cent in response to the three per cent rise in bank rates since the beginning of June.

- Mrs Thatcher denied that the Cabinet was actively considering the introduction of a national identity-card system.

- The Government announced that Britain's fast-breeder nuclear reactor programme at Dounreay would be cut.

**“This is the beginning of the end... The end-game is the most difficult”**

*Pérez de Cuellar, UN Secretary-General, on the possible Iran-Iraq ceasefire*



An end to the high life for drug smuggler Dennis Marks

## FRIDAY, JULY 22

- Leon Brittan, the former Trade and Industry Secretary who resigned over the Westland Affair, was appointed Britain's senior European commissioner, replacing Lord Cockfield.

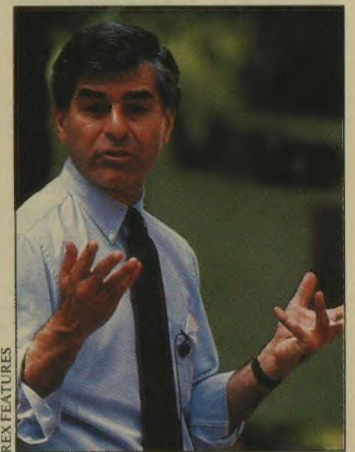
- It was revealed that, between February and July this year, cancer patients in the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital were accidentally exposed to an excessive dose of gamma rays during treatment.

- A herd of grazing cattle foiled an IRA bomb attack on security forces in Coalisland, Co Tyrone, by chewing through the command wire which led to the device.

## MONDAY, JULY 25

- The Government announced that the revolutionary British spacecraft project Hotel (Horizontal Take-Off and Landing) was too expensive for Britain to develop alone and urged Rolls Royce and British Aerospace to find foreign backers.

- The Department of Health and



Presidential nominee, Dukakis, not depressed by his prospects

Social Security was split into two separate Ministries: the Health Ministry will be headed by Kenneth Clarke, the present Trade and Industry Minister, and the Social Security Ministry will be headed by John Moore.

- Dennis Marks, an alleged former MI6 agent, and Jimmy McCann, one of the most wanted IRA men, were arrested when British, American and Spanish authorities smashed “the world's largest drugs ring” and discovered £35-million worth of hashish on the Costa Brava.

## TUESDAY, JULY 26

- In a radio interview, Edward Heath attacked the Prime Minister's re-organisation of the DHSS. He claimed that the creation of two separate ministries showed that “the Government has nobody who is capable of running a large department”.



● As Iraqi-backed Iranian opposition forces captured two towns in the heart of Iran, the Gulf/peace talks opened at the UN. In a 90 minute meeting UN Secretary General, Pérez de Cuellar, discussed the possibility of ceasefire with Iranian Foreign Minister Ali Akbar Velayati.

● Lord Moynihan, who fled Britain in 1969 to escape fraud charges, and who is the half-brother of Sports Minister, Colin Moynihan, was said to be under heavy guard at a secret address in the US after supplying information leading to the arrest of drugs-smuggler Dennis Marks.

● England was beaten resoundingly by the West Indies in the fourth Test at Headingley.

**WEDNESDAY, JULY 27**

● Energy Secretary Cecil Parkinson's privatisation programme for the electricity industry was roundly condemned by Tory and Labour MPs alike. Members of the Energy Select Committee warned of a "frightfully tight timetable" and "the risk of producing ill-considered spatchcock legislation".

● New telephone boxes produced by Mercury to rival those of British Telecom were unveiled by Trade and Industry Secretary, Lord Young at Waterloo station.

● Figures revealed that Britain's trade deficit for June topped £1 billion, bringing the total deficit for the first half of 1988 to £5.6 billion—some £1.6 billion higher than the official forecast for the whole year.

● Pole-vaulter Jeff Gutteridge became the first British athlete to be banned from competition for life for taking steroids.

**“I would be unhappy if the Animal Liberation people felt there was a difference between taking a pig's kidney for transplant purposes and using it to feed the cat”**

*Mr Michael Bewick, kidney surgeon at Dulwich Hospital*

**THURSDAY, JULY 28**

● Paddy Ashdown, 47, MP for Yeovil, beat Alan Betha by a decisive majority to become the first leader of the Social & Liberal Democrats. Ruling out the possibility of coalition with either the Labour Party or David Owen's SDP, he said: "We are on our own, and we are going to make it on our own." Ian Wigglesworth became President of the party.

● Norman Tebbit, former Conservative party chairman, was awarded damages against *The Guardian* which had fallaciously quoted him as saying: "Nobody with a conscience votes Conservative".

● McDonald's hamburger chain was fined by Stratford-on-Avon magistrates' court for not using real chocolate on its "chocolate-coated" doughnuts.

**FRIDAY, JULY 29**

● In South Africa police seized prints of Sir Richard Attenborough's *Cry Freedom* when authorities overruled an earlier all-clear and decided to ban the film. The police commissioner claimed it would promote "the revolutionary onslaught" against South Africa.

● Despite objections from



88 today—the Queen Mother celebrates her birthday

certain shareholders, a £750,000 payment was approved for Sir Robert Crichton-Brown on his retirement as chairman of the tobacco group, Rothmans International.

**SATURDAY, JULY 30**

● Visiting Bahrain, Mrs Thatcher assured ministers that Britain's Armilla patrol would remain in the Gulf to protect shipping for as long as was necessary.

● London's Covent Garden attracted larger crowds than usual when 300 celebrities—including Frank Bruno, Jeremy Irons and Eartha Kitt—stuffed shops, pubs and restaurants in the area to help raise funds to fight AIDS.

**SUNDAY, JULY 31**

● Acting as a special envoy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Cyprus and the Gulf, John Brown, concluded a secret three-day meeting with Christian leaders in Beirut to gain their co-operation in discovering the



No stars for the accommodation—grounded Britons spend their holidays in the air port



Not the tardis, not a temple—Mercury's new 'phone box

whereabouts of four Iranian hostages believed to be held by the Christian Phalange. His mission was designed to encourage IRA to intervene on behalf of Terry Waite and other hostages held by pro-Iranian groups in the Lebanon.

● To the consternation of animal rights campaigners, the British Medical Association said it could see no objections to the transplant of organs from pigs or other animals into humans. The statement followed a breakthrough made by researchers at Dulwich Hospital in preventing the rejection of transplanted organs. Michael Bewick,

the kidney surgeon who released the information to the press, resigned the following day.

**MONDAY, AUGUST 1**

● A bomb blast at Inglis barracks in North London, for which the IRA claimed responsibility, killed one soldier and injured nine. The lax security at the base was criticised by local people and the MP for the area, Conservative John Gort.

● At Lambeth, the non-committed resolution concerning the consecration of women as bishops was passed by 423 votes to 28.

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 2**

● Three separate attacks by the IRA on security forces in Northern Ireland left two soldiers dead and eight injured. One of those killed, off-duty UDR soldier, Roy Butler, was gunned down in front of his wife and daughter in a shopping centre in Belfast. Hinting at further violence, the IRA later warned civilians to stay clear of British military personnel and bases in Britain and Europe.

● The South African government offered to begin withdrawing its troops from Namibia on November 1 as a preliminary to UN-supervised elections and independence for the country. The offer was conditional on a Cuban pull-out from Angola and the dismantling of seven ANC camps there.



air port

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3**

● Mathias Rust, the young West German who landed his light aircraft in Red Square last May, returned home from Moscow after serving 14 months of a four year prison sentence.

● In Johannesburg 143 white South African men refused to report for compulsory military service on the grounds that the army helped maintain apartheid. Their protest followed that of law student, David Bruce, who on July 25 was given a six-year jail sentence for refusing to serve in the South African Defence Force.

● Mrs Thatcher and her husband were jostled and spat at by a crowd of protesters during a walkabout in a Melbourne shopping precinct.

● In support of industrial action over staffing levels begun on August 1 by warders at Holloway, officers at three other London prisons, Wandsworth, Pentonville and Latchmere, refused to admit new inmates.

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 4**

● Mr Justice Rooker was strongly criticised by MPs and pressure groups for giving a one year prison sentence to a man who had raped his former girlfriend.

Admitting that he was taking a gamble, he said "I don't think it was such a shock to her as it might have been to many women."

● Celebrating her 88th birthday the Queen Mother received dozens of poses from children and well wishers gathered outside Clarence House.

**FRIDAY, AUGUST 5**

● The Lambeth Conference condemned "all violence" in Northern Ireland in an attempt to

**“Taking this decision was more deadly than taking poison”**

*Ayatollah Khomeini on accepting the UN ceasefire terms*

redress the implications of its earlier resolution, recognising that some people might resort to "armed struggle" in order to attain justice.

● Cuban, Angolan and South African delegates hinted at an

agreed ceasefire date for Angola when, on the last day of talks at Geneva, they issued a joint statement saying they had worked out a "sequence of steps", leading to independence for Namibia under UN Resolution 435.

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 6**

● One of the busiest weekends of the year, holiday flights from Heathrow were delayed for up to three hours when the main air-traffic control computer at West Drayton, Middlesex, broke down for several hours in the morning. Flights from Gatwick were also delayed when fog closed the airport's single runway.

● 40 people were arrested when demonstrators on a march organised by the Irish Freedom Movement clashed with members of the British Front at Whittington Park, North London.

**SUNDAY, AUGUST 7**

● M Philippe Rouvillois, chairman of French railways, the SNCF, was forced to resign following the train crash at the Gare de l'Est in Paris on August 6, which killed one person and injured 57. It was the second serious accident to occur in a Paris station in six weeks.

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## An address that pleases the leader

With the extension of Nigel Lawson's lease on Number 11 Downing Street, speculation on his future has ceased. However, before Mrs Thatcher's little rearrangement in July there was a strongly held belief that the Chancellor's well-upholstered bottom would be meeting a well-upholstered chair in a newspaper office.

It was always thought that Lawson, a man keenly interested in earned income since he made some misguided investments in the early 70s, would leave government for the City and take unto himself a number of lucrative directorships or a single, well-paid job as head of



Lawson: Newspaperman?

a bank or corporation.

This is not necessarily the case and it is now believed that he had been informally offered the job of Editor of *The Times*. He is eminently qualified. He was an astute television journalist and, save for the sacking of Auberon Waugh, performed creditably as Editor of the *Spectator*.

The capture of Lawson would be a coup for Rupert Murdoch, the current proprietor of *The Times*, who has never been prevented from offering editorships to people by the fact that the positions are already

occupied, in this case by Charles Wilson. However, moving straight from the Treasury to a newspaper office would present some problems because the Chancellor would simply know too much of the Government's immediate planning. The Prime Minister would require Lawson to cool his heels for about a year before he could start addressing her in *The Times*'s leaders.

## Berkoff makes a play for Greenstreet

The theatre director Steven Berkoff is internationally known for his chilling good looks and his numerous cameo roles in successful Hollywood films, most notably *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Rambo*. We sent a reporter, Rosanna Greenstreet, to talk to Mr Berkoff about his latest production, *Greek*, a play based on the story of Oedipus, but set in the East End of London.

He invited her into a very dim dressing room in a deserted theatre and began with a certain pomposity to deliver his pronouncements on the theatre and his own great genius.

"Theatre is like the Indian medicine wheel, where to be a complete whole you have to have everything. You have to have wisdom, courage, daring, insight. It should have movement, text, music, drama and comedy."

Having already joined Miss Greenstreet on the sofa, he began to stroke her arm in a distracted way, almost as if the contact was accidental. She bravely persevered with a question about his political views.

"I leave political writing to the political writer. Theatre allows you to poetically investigate and make points, not necessarily in a literal sense, but allows you to investigate human motives behind things and come to poetical and theatrical decisions and conclusions about

things."

Mr Berkoff's hand had by this time found its way to the small of Miss Greenstreet's back and begun a rather less poetical investigation.



Berkoff: On a higher plane?

She asked him about his legendary abhorrence of violence and how he reconciled it with his roles in films like *Rambo*.

"When I read *Rambo* I saw it as an idealistic film which has been deliberately misinterpreted due perhaps to the theatricals of the directors."

As he delivered this defence he gave Miss Greenstreet a little squeeze, perhaps to emphasise his point. She ignored it and asked him about his dismissal of the rest of British theatre.

"It is a compromise theatre. It doesn't change the beliefs and attitudes of our society. It merely reflects and gives people a satisfying mirror image of their dull platitudinous lives. Shakespeare doesn't do this but most plays you see are rather dim, dull, dreary."

The interview was clearly losing steam, possibly because Berkoff wanted to move it on to a higher plane. He intimated as much by giving Greenstreet a kiss on the mouth and suggesting that she turn off her tape recorder. He then began solicitously to ask her about her life, her background and personality. The effect was only slightly spoiled by him forgetting her name. She gathered herself together and hurriedly made for door.

Exit Greenstreet.

## Orgy in the Underground

Travellers on London's Underground may be titillated or merely puzzled by ubiquitous advertisements for the latest "adult board game" or—as the sponsors of Orgy would have it—"bawd game". Potential buyers of Orgy are urged to "bring your Mates" to the game, a reference to the brand of condom manufactured by the Virgin leisure group, whose shops are so far the main stockists. Fearful, perhaps, of abetting this salacious image-mongering, the Independent Broadcasting Authority has not yet permitted television advertising, although the comedian Frankie Howerd has been hired to plug the game (cost: £19.95) on various talk shows.

This rampant publicity campaign obscures the truth that Orgy is a harmless pastime whose object is for each player to gain the status of Roman consul by acquiring, in the manner of a classical yuppie, villas, slaves and chariots as he moves around the board. A glossary in cod Latin includes the gems *salve magnifica*, translated as "hello, gorgeous", and *eo ad vomitorium*, "I am going to the vomitorium".

The game's inventors are a



Bawd or bored by Orgy?



married couple from Cumbria who ran a gift shop until the wife saw *I, Claudius* on television and thought there might be a bob or two in a historical board game.

From such inauspicious beginnings are fortunes sometimes made, as was the case with Trivial Pursuit, which was devised around a kitchen table. And the need for such diversions is obviously growing. Hamley's, in Regent Street, a place of pilgrimage, is establishing a special department for just such adult board games. *O tempora, o mores!*

## Farewell to a global scenario

North American readers of *Serpentine's* cliché-watch have written in droves to clarify the meaning of that now popular phrase "ballpark figure". All point out that it derives not from the game of American football, which is played in a stadium, but from baseball, whose correct venue is a ballpark. The expression apparently refers to hitting the baseball so that it remains within the confines of the ballpark. Thus a guess which is approximately correct can be termed a "ballpark figure".

A reader in Australia, always a rich source of slang, contributes some local expressions which have yet to become part of British usage. "A cut lunch and a water bag" alludes to the requirements for a task or journey expected to take some time; while "tin tacks" is apparently replacing "brass tacks", as in "getting down to..."

But, sadly, many clichés show signs of global entrenchment: such as "awesome", as in "awesome power"; "scenario" instead of "situation". *Serpentine* will now "close the book" on contributions. Have a nice day.

## ILN louts, complains Street-Porter

Janet Street-Porter is a fearsome assailant as she demonstrated at an event in London recently. The Editor of Youth Programming for BBC TV strode across the Guild Hall to aim a handbag at the head of a female journalist. "See that handbag," she said. "It's Chanel and it's the closest you'll ever come to any sort of class."

The news of this incident was loudly applauded in the *Serpentine* Office because Miss Street-Porter is charming, elegant and generous. It was agreed that anyone from the tabloid press who had displeased her deserved all they got.

This cosy feeling of solidarity soon disappeared the next day when the *ILN* received a very strange letter from Miss Street-Porter. She complained that a picture of her house in Smithfield had appeared in the June issue of the magazine with the caption: "A million pound eyesore". She is, it seems, sensitive to insults about the design of the house which she has had built and also to suggestions that the area is ripe for "yuppification". She claims that the identification of the house resulted in some louts smashing her car window with bricks.



TONY LATHAM

### "Eyesore" attracts louts

This, of course, is nonsense. The people who read the *ILN* are not generally given to heaving bricks through windows and, anyway, the house is almost as ostentatiously constructed and as well publicised as Miss S-P herself. Still, we commiserate over the broken windscreens.

## Of press officers and men like John Stanley

It seems impossible but the charming, elegant and generous John Stanley who was dispatched to the back benches in the last government reshuffle was deeply disliked by his civil servants. There are a number of stories about his idiosyncratic behaviour circulating among that most discreet class of bureaucrat, government press officers.

Here is one which has the

flavour of them all. One day Mr Stanley told his secretary in the Northern Ireland Office that he wished to speak to a press officer. The press officer duly appeared



John Stanley

in the room to find the under-secretary standing by the window engrossed in some papers.

He hopped from foot to foot for a while in the hope that Stanley would take note of his presence. Nothing happened, so he coughed. Still nothing happened. Finally he said, "Minister, I gather you wanted to see me."

Stanley looked up from his engrossing papers and replied, "I wanted to speak to you, not see you. Please leave the room and telephone me."

## Daze of wine and roses saves marriage

Perhaps the Cabinet should not be quite so bothered about the affects of drink on society. Some years ago the alcoholic indulgence of a journalist saved the marriage of a senior politician who is now a member of the Cabinet.

It happened that his marriage was going through a difficult period. His wife had fallen for a dashing young journalist who, for the sake of discretion, we shall call Roger Pilbeam. Now, Pilbeam was romantic, good looking and clever but he had one problem and that was his fondness for drink.

It came to pass that Pilbeam and his love decided that they could no longer do without each other and announced at a party that they were going to run away to France. The couple then parted, agreeing to meet early next morning at Victoria station to catch the first train for the channel ports.

At the appointed hour the woman turned up to the station

with her suitcase and waited for Pilbeam. The time came for the train's departure and there was still no sign of him. It left, so she decided that she had no course but to return home.

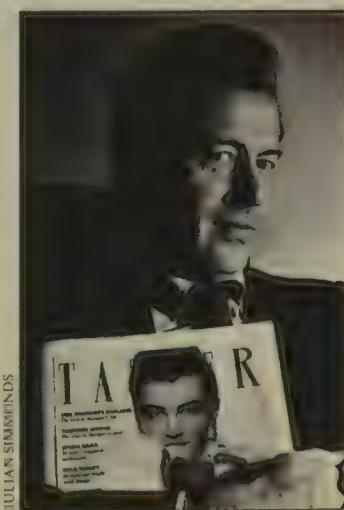
She stole into her house, tore up the notes she had left on the mantlepiece, unpacked her case, got undressed and resumed her place against the sleeping form of her husband.

Pilbeam had, of course, become so drunk the night before that he had completely forgotten about the arrangement. Indeed he did not remember the details until he entered *El Vinos*, at noon that same day, to find a selection of his friends who had been at the party the previous night. The romance did not survive Pilbeam's blunder.

## In remembrance of Boxer and Hamilton

London lost two engaging individuals during the summer. Mark Boxer, the cartoonist and magazine editor, and Billy Hamilton, public relations consultant, both died after long illnesses.

They possessed different personalities and talents, but it is true to say that they both gave a great deal more than they took. Boxer's



Mark Boxer

gifts were well known, especially his ability as a caricaturist which was deployed at *The Times*, *Guardian* and *The Observer*.

That same eye which so quickly summarised the peculiarities of a type or individual in a drawing was also used to great effect in the, what some regard as the ephemeral and facile, world of glossy



magazines. To Boxer, however, it represented a sophisticated form of entertainment that approached art. At the *Tatler* he exhibited a sort of perfect pitch; he knew instinctively where a layout was wrong, a headline was inappropriate or a writer was overstepping the boundary between mischief and malevolence.

It seems almost unfair that, added to these qualities, Boxer could write amusingly, talk well and remain always so young in his

appearance (he was 57 when he died) and open to new ideas. In short, he adorned London.

Billy Hamilton was never so well known although it must be said that he neither desired fame nor harboured any great ambitions. He was prized among a very exclusive set of people for his wicked sense of humour, his *savoir faire* and his style. He was adored by journalists because he actually confessed to liking their company. One good friend was the gossip

columnist Nigel Dempster who told this story about lunch with him at the Savoy Grill.

"We were sitting along the banquet of the Savoy Grill facing numerous members of the establishment in front of us. People like Lord Goodman, Patrick Sargeant and a host of government ministers and editors.

"Next door to us, but separated from us by a slight partition, was Willie Whitelaw who was then Home Secretary. Suddenly Billy

decided to do his imitation of Whitelaw, which was famous all over London. He did something with his mouth and eyes which made him look exactly like Whitelaw and he imitated his speech perfectly.

"I then realised that the entire room was laughing at Billy's impression which went on for some time. Whitelaw was the only person in the room who missed the performance and remained mystified about the giggling."

A dreadful afternoon out

## THE MOUSETRAP

Each year an unusual and little-known anniversary occurs at St Martin's Theatre in London. A group of Oxbridge graduates reunites at a matinée performance of *The Mousetrap* for the mischievous purpose of revealing, to fellow members of the audience, the play's dénouement: "The policeman did it!" This gross breach of theatrical etiquette is equalled only by the famous occasion when disgruntled critics of the actress Pia Zadora, wildly overacting in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, shouted to the actors playing Nazis that the saintly heroine could be found hiding in the attic. Ms Zadora has never lived it down. *The Mousetrap*, however, is in its 36th year, still apparently thriving on the bogus English charm which has made it as indisputable and antique a tourist attraction as the Tower of London.

This is a pity. There may be worse plays on the West End stage—*Run For Your Wife* comes to mind—but surely none so hammy, snobbish, mechanical and deserving of mockery. Consider the plot. Snow is falling thickly outside Monkswell Manor, an oak-panelled guest-house run by a tooth-achingly sweet young couple. One by one their guests arrive, a catalogue of whodunnit suspects straight out of Cluedo. They include the very British Major Metcalf, with a pipe and bristly moustache; a funny foreigner, Mr Paravicini, sporting the ludicrous trappings of stage villainy (demented laugh and face powder); the mannish Miss Casewell (tweeds and heavy eyebrows); and a tittupping young artist named Christopher Wren (obviously Agatha Christie's idea of a homosexual).

A murderer is on the loose (these clichés are catching), his, or her, progress periodically reported by the sepulchral voice of the BBC's Home Service issuing from an old valve wireless. The assassin's destination is inevitable. Sure enough, crusty, autocratic Mrs Boyle (silver perm and complicated knitting) is strangled by a rubber gardening glove glimpsed emerging stage left just before the interval curtain descends. Fortuitously on hand to investigate is Detective Sergeant Trotter (notebook and pencil, supercilious manner), the only policeman in Berkshire who travels on skis, which enable him to reach Monkswell Manor.

Agatha Christie's thrillers run perilously close to farce, as Joe Orton saw when he based the plot of *Loot* upon a 30s whodunnit while subverting the genre's moral preconceptions. In *Loot*, the original title of which was



the thrillerish *Funeral Games*, the real villain was also a policeman, Inspector Truscott, "the man who tracked down the limbless girl-killer". Since dear old Agatha upheld a stuffy *status quo*, the identity of her murderers can always be arrived at simply by eliminating characters with unconventional or disreputable behaviour, all very crudely designed to mislead the audience. Mr Paravicini is a blatant red herring, but his character patently indulges the xenophobia of middle-class, post-war British audiences. Detective Sergeant Trotter is

meant to be so normal that he immediately seems like a wrong 'un.

At least, this should be true, but Robin Murphy, in the part first played by Richard Attenborough (Truscott, incidentally, in the film of *Loot*), acts with the jabbing, manic energy of a Rik Mayall. Several younger members of the cast, indeed, seem unsure whether to play their roles more broadly for laughs, and the audience is just as unsure whether to titter. But it is almost always the acting which has redeemed Christie's clever-dick plots: Barry Fitzgerald, say, in *Ten Little Niggers*, Charles Laughton in *Witness for the Prosecution*, or Ingrid Bergman in *Murder on the Orient Express*.

There must be a temptation, with a play which is so inviolable an institution, not to care too deeply. Its place in theatre history overwhelms all dramatic claims. A programme note recites its pecuniary achievements: that it has been performed in 45 countries, translated into 24 languages, and earned more than £13 million in the West End alone, where 222 actors and actresses have performed in all. It has had the longest continuous run of any show in the world, and there is no reason to doubt its immortality. At a recent, typical matinée performance, there were no Oxbridge yahoos—hardly any British theatre-goers at all, in fact; only tourists, of every age and nationality, lapping up the play's cosy vision of a genteel, bygone England.

Yet *The Mousetrap* conceals one genuine surprise which is all too contemporary. It turns out that the motive for murder stems from revenge for the maltreatment of children. The victim is a magistrate responsible for a care order. How clairvoyant of Miss Christie to have anticipated the modern theme of child abuse, one grudgingly admits. But at £9 a ticket (£12 at the front of the stalls), the experience is fraudulent ●





*The Hon. Kieran Guinness pictured enjoying an examination of his healthy collection of Thomas Pink ties*

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it. But Thomas Pink use lots of it. Their shirts are more generously cut than any others I have come across. Good long tails that stay in your trousers and a choice of sleeve lengths, offering extra long sleeves for the taller man - I'm six foot five!

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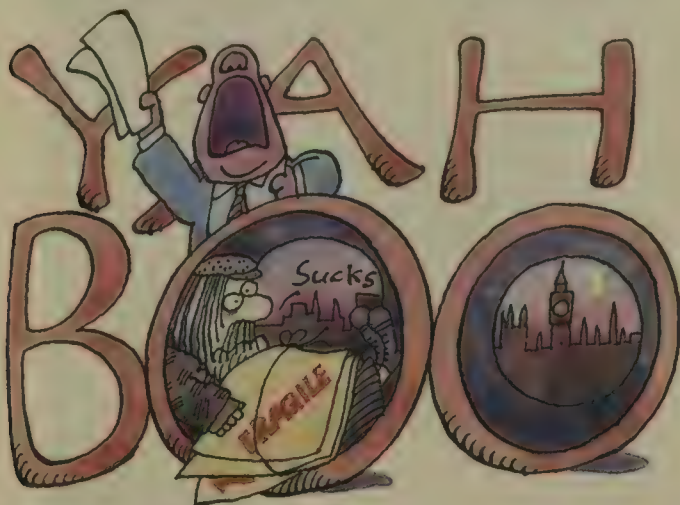


Whatever the merits or demerits of the late GLC, it did at least get people talking about London. True, much of the talk concerned the mental condition of the new-loving leader but there was also a lot of public debate about housing, transport, leisure facilities and so forth. You sometimes even found the odd well-informed taxi-driver.

The disappearance of the GLC seems to have been accompanied by the disappearance of almost all such public debate. It surfaces rather drably in the London *Evening Standard* from time to time and I suppose it pops up in worthy programmes on Thames

# & ampersand

Alan Rusbridger  
on dangerous  
habits in The  
House, the Press  
and, of course,  
estate agents



Television or LWT. But it does not crackle and pop in quite the way it used to.

So it was with interest that I flipped through the pages of a recent *Hansard* report of a debate on London to discover how the Honorable Members at Westminster would debate the subject.

The motion on inequalities in the capital was entertainingly proposed by Frank Dobson, the Labour MP for Holborn and St Pancras, and elegantly opposed on behalf of the Government by Nicholas Scott and William Waldegrave. But, in between, it was pretty dreary, insipid stuff.

A Labour MP points out that a Tory is reading a newspaper. A Tory claims the Labour benches have spent the afternoon playing musical chairs without listening to the debate. A Labour MP says 15 out of 23 London Labour MPs have been present, compared with almost no Tories. A Tory sneers that the Labour MPs have taken it in turns. And so on.

In between the jeers and the catcalls, some telling statistics and facts were produced. For instance: the 10 poorest authorities in England are all in London;

London has 64,000 homeless and 30,000 empty council houses; the 30,000 empty council houses represent a mere 30 per cent of the total number of empty houses in the capital; the death rate for men living in the poorest parts of Tower Hamlets is comparable with that in Uruguay and Argentina; when Harry Greenway, Tory MP for Ealing N. was a London teacher he taught children of 95 different nationalities; the number of Londoners waiting for hospital operations has risen to 133,000.

All interesting material, about which interesting things could have been said. By and large they weren't. It was evidently more fun scoring points off however many people there were sitting on the benches opposite. It's an odd way to govern a capital city.

The paper *Sunday Sport* has quickly established itself as the weekly which regularly makes the *News of the World* look like *The Watchtower*. Its formula is heavily dependent on naked girls, dirty vicars, resurrected pop stars, mediums and randy extra-terrestrials. As such, it is treated as something of an innocent joke.

The trouble starts on the odd occasion when *Sunday Sport* imagines itself to be a newspaper. A recent inquest in Taunton—not reported in the national press—provided eloquent enough testimony of this. It heard that a 15-year-old boy Adam Summerscales, shot himself with a 12-bore shotgun after a *Sunday Sport* reporter pestered his family about the rare medical condition he suffered from. Adam was being treated for excessive facial hair.

A *Sunday Sport* reporter, one Rukhsana Sayid, travelled to Somerset to interview the family about Adam. His father, John, told the inquest he was "coldly angry" at the intrusion. Told to leave, Ms Sayid went round the village interviewing villagers about Adam instead. A few weeks later he shot himself. The West Somerset coroner, Mr Michael Rose, said it was the most horrific incident involving a young boy that he had come across in 20 years. It is, of course, possible that the "investigation" by *Sunday Sport* had no connection with Adam's death. Possible. Not the sort of possibility most reporters would like to spend the rest of their days pondering. And not much of a joke.

The recent exposé of estate agents in the *ILN* pinned the little so-and-sos so comprehensively to the floorboards that one almost felt a twinge of sympathy. Almost. About the same time as the piece appeared we put our own house on the market, approaching two unexposed firms in Islington to do the business. As with many such transactions, speed was something of the essence.

A week passed. Firm A had at least got round to typing up the details of the house. Firm B appeared to have done nothing. We tried to ring Miss R from firm

B, but Miss R proved reluctant to come to the phone. Several attempts later, still unsuccessful in luring Miss R to the phone, we asked for a message to be passed on to Miss R saying we were withdrawing our business. Miss R came to the phone. There was a whirring and flurry of excuses but no, she had not actually done what you might call anything.

The ludicrous price of houses in north London means that any estate agent lucky enough to shift our house will pocket between £3,000 and £4,000 for the grind of measuring up eight rooms and the labour of displaying a picture in the shop window.

By happy chance Firm B was the subject of an interesting profile in *The Daily Telegraph* during the week in which Firm B did sod all. A man called Toby explained to the *Telegraph* that he was not in the business of selling houses: "We match lifestyles." The man from the *Telegraph* quizzed him about the notion that estate agents might accept fixed, rather than percentage, fees. Toby tsk-tsked at the thought. "Life would be rather boring if it was just a straightforward thousand pounds or something."

I feel sure that Toby's lifestyle will never touch mine at any glancing tangent whatsoever. But I do salute a man who can so effortlessly coin an addition to the Estate Agent's Lexicon of Euphemisms. "Rather boring." Yes, I like that.

We have recently been combing through brochures of country cottages with a view to renting one for a holiday. Question: What is the one inviolable rule about country cottages with twee picture-book names such as Pooh Corner, Pixie Dell or Toad Hall? Answer: They do not accept children ●







AS THE MEAL ENDED.



COURVOISIER *Le Cognac de Napoléon* 



THE EVENING BEGAN.



# THE CAMPDEN HILL MOB

New opposition to Mrs Thatcher has mobilised over the canapés. Intellectual, literary but a little short of policies, the June 20 Group meets again in mid September

A condition for the 17 or so writers attending the evening of June 20 at Lady Antonia Fraser's house was absolute secrecy. Not a syllable of the proceedings should appear in the Press, particularly the Press inclined to the views of Mrs Thatcher.

It was, perhaps, unreasonable to expect a score of literary figures to remain quiet and in under a fortnight the *Sunday Telegraph* was tipped off that "literary leftists had formed a think tank". One of the group had talked to the government minister William Waldegrave who passed it on to a cabinet figure who in turn passed it on to the newspaper. The political correspondent Jamie Dettmer wrongly termed it the Socialist Philosophy Group (it is in fact called the June 20 Group) and identified the main members aside from Lady Antonia and her husband Harold Pinter. They were John Mortimer, Margaret Drabble and her husband, Michael Holroyd, and Anthony Howard, Deputy Editor of the *Observer* newspaper.

There was nothing surprising in these characters meeting. They were all known to be broadly opposed to Conservative policies and have in the past spoken and written against them. During the following week more names came to light. They were Margaret Jay, former wife of Peter Jay; Mark Fisher MP, Opposition spokesman on the Arts; Lord Williams; Germaine Greer; the novelists Angela Carter, Ian McEwan, Salman Rushdie and Emma Tennant and the playwright David Hare. The group represented a fair number of fixtures from the literary pages, but now they were occupying extensive news and feature spaces.

The idea of these writers rousing from their solitude in order to dream up a new intellectual credibility for the British left proved irresistibly funny to most newspaper journalists. To the editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, Peregrine Worsthorne, a man who considers any diversion from the current political orthodoxy to be either mad or mischievous, the meeting had



Ian McEwan, the fast to taste the canapés



Margaret Drabble, expecting imagination



Salman Rushdie, could he stretch to a policy?



Lady Antonia Fraser, if not sacred, her drawing-room



has been "salon" for Tory and Socialist intellectuals



Margaret Jay, one of the better performers



John Mortimer, adopting the Hamlet view



Germaine Greer, a talk on essences



almost blasphemous overtones. Certainly he believed some act of desecration had taken place. He wrote in the *Spectator* Diary. "What is a bit off, to my mind, is her [Lady Antonia's] choosing to locate this new socialist group in the self-same drawing room in which her late husband, Sir Hugh Fraser—whom she left after many years of marriage—had conceived the Conservative philosophy group."

It was an interesting item because of the reference to Lady Antonia's celebrated love-affair with Pinter, and second because of the notion that anywhere which is associated with the glorious formation of current Conservative thinking is regarded, at least by Mr Worsthorne, as having some spiritual significance. It was as if a rock concert had been held on the site of the Virgin Mary's apparition.

Lady Antonia replied with a patrician put-down. "My first husband, the late Hugh Fraser, who had a good sense of the ridiculous, would have roared with laughter at Peregrine Worsthorne's concept of the sacred salon; as indeed he often did laugh at Peregrine Worsthorne's obsequious pomposity."

The proceedings of June 20 should not have worried Worsthorne.

Not all of the original list compiled by Mortimer and his wife turned up. The socialist barrister Geoffrey Robertson, who is an expert in the laws that affect the Press, was on holiday. Ian McEwan, the youngest member of the group, was late. The 17 that did arrive at about 8 pm in Campden Hill Square were given a buffet by the Pinters during which the conversation was much the same as at any other literary gathering: bookish, intense, if slightly less gossipy. They all know each other, as they do their opponents on the right. Such is the nature of this section of English society.

Eventually, John Mortimer gave a short talk in which he asked whether it was worth meeting again (they have agreed to do so in mid September). He then introduced Anthony Howard. Howard spoke from cards for 30 minutes on the hopelessness of Labour's electoral position. His message was very pessimistic; Labour had had only a slim chance of slipping in the back door at the last general election; in order to win the next election they would have to perform much better than they did; the swing now required to win in 1992 is virtually unattainable; Labour were well acquainted with these statistics and were facing the reality of a long haul back to power, stretching over seven to eight years.

There was a break, followed by an open and unplanned discussion which, in the words of one of the participants, ranged "from the relevant to the downright barmy". Of this, more later.

Few, if any, journalists knew what had taken place, but they sensed an amusing story. For, as sitting ducks go, the June 20 Group, which some felt sounded more like an obscure revolutionary movement in Latin America, was as plump and immobile a target as the Press could possibly hope for in the slack news days of the summer.

There was dear old tweedy John Mortimer asserting that everyone should have access to the comforts with which he is so well acquainted. Here was Margaret Drabble earnestly describing the poverty of the estab-

lishment's imagination. Here were Harold Pinter and the novelists Ian McEwan and Salman Rushdie descending from their towers of introspection to consider homelessness and the dispossessed. Was this all not a bit amateurish, expostulated the right? Surely, these people had all benefited from Mrs Thatcher's policies. They should be grateful and shut up.

The group was particularly incensed by an article in the *Independent* newspaper, by a writer named Paul Bailey, which seemed to claim that he was, in fact, the true social conscience of the literary world, and that anyone else who attempted to muscle in on the act was an amateur. "The idea," he wrote, "of Mortimer putting on a hair shirt in order to win the deprived over to his socialist philosophy has a certain comic appeal." Another writer, named D. J. Taylor, crawled out of the literary woodwork to make an attack in the *Evening Standard* newspaper, at which point the June 20 Group realised that they were not dealing with ideological opposition, but with celebrity envy. "I



Antonia and Harold, the last hope for a civilised, and socialist, Britain?

suppose there is a bit of cachet in mixing with Harold and Antonia," observed one group member.

It did not go unnoticed that the group contained some of the most highly paid writers in Britain. There was an implication in the criticism that this intelligentsia should not be quite so well-heeled. Added to the innate suspicion of intellectuals, this assured the June 20 Group a fairly hostile reception. The British are wary of any intellectual élite, and especially one that dines in Campden Hill Square, Kensington. It is odd when one considers the insatiable appetite for the slightest memoir of the Bloomsbury Group, perhaps the only intellectual group to have thrived in Britain during this century. True, gossip may form a large part of the interest (exactly who tried to seduce Virginia Wolfe and what Grant, Strachey and Keynes thought about it all) but there is also some genuine respect for the intellectual productivity of Bloomsbury.

What is the likelihood of the Campden Hill Mob (a better title, perhaps) collectively producing a contribution to the political debate. On the evidence of the first meeting, the answer would seem to be very little. The open discussion that followed the break did not, it is fair to say, advance the cause of socialism. Even the

moving spirit behind the meeting, Mortimer, seemed propelled only by a distaste for Mrs Thatcher and an instinct that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark".

Some performed well: Margaret Drabble, who has recently written a paper for the Fabian Society, was "to the point and interesting", and Ian McEwan was said to be "incisive". The same was true of Margaret Jay and Michael Holroyd.

The prize for irrelevance went to Harold Pinter who felt the best way to address the lack of compassion in British society was to talk about imprisoned writers in Nicaragua. Emma Tennant produced a speech which was not only irrelevant but also thought to be "daft".

The most irritating speech seems to have come from Germaine Greer who has always preferred to discuss semantics rather than action. She launched into a strange monologue about the artist in relation to politics. Could she align herself with the Labour Party? Would it compromise her essence as a writer? She concluded that she would have to remain free from party political ties, which prompted everyone to ask themselves "why on earth had Germaine bothered to come?"

If it does one thing, it emphasizes the absence of vision and conviction on the left, even among people whose lives are spent reflecting upon the times they live in. This lack is also the reason why Neil Kinnock is constantly made to look foolish at Prime Minister's Question Time and why the *New Statesman* flounders. Clearly it is not enough for Lady Antonia to express her horror at the number of people living rough in London, however genuine she might be.

Tony Howard is loyal to the group and reluctant to discuss it. But he did say this: "I think the difficulty with people like this is that they do not realise that having ideas is not the same as having policies. Politics really requires a great deal of work. I mean, I can't see Salman Rushdie taking six months off writing to compile a detailed report on SERPS [State Earnings Related Pension Scheme] or addressing himself to the relationship between prices and wages and constructing a policy. A lot of them couldn't even decide whether they wanted to say that they were Labour supporters."

"The coverage was extraordinary, given all this. I think it has probably done them more good than harm. The most that they can do is look at areas with which they are familiar, censorship and arts policy, for instance."

Even this may be ambitious. Those members of the group willing to talk still have very little idea of what they are going to discuss in September. "One didn't come away with any definite sense of what we were going to do. It was an agreement to meet again and see what happened," said Ian McEwan. The early autumn is, of course, a very busy time of year for writers. Many of the group, like Holroyd, will be publishing their books, which may distract their attention. Here is Emma Tennant: "I don't know what's going to happen. The best thing for you is to send for my wonderful new novel about English social life which is coming out in September. All you have to do is ring Viking and there will be a novel which describes the roots of all this sort of English behaviour." ●



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# Breaking the AIDS taboo

Four people diagnosed HIV Positive tell Janet Watts how they are fighting the virus

It is the stuff all our nightmares, triggering many of our deepest fears. In contracting AIDS we lose our physical immunity, but we may also have to face equally painful losses—of a job, an income, a home. Of mental equilibrium or physical beauty. Of a partner or a family.

No one knows how many are infected: most sexually active people have never taken the HIV test. And those who know they are HIV positive remain unclear what their chances are of developing full-blown AIDS. People with ARC (AIDS Related Complex) do not inevitably contract it.

Equally, people with AIDS (PWAs) may live for years after the diagnosis. A positive diagnosis can actually be a relief; at least the sufferers have something definite to tackle. And knowing can change some lives for the better, bringing the realisation that every moment is precious.

Uncertainties prevail because there is still no cure or vaccine, but the one truth is that AIDS is increasing—rapidly. At the end of June there were 100,410 cases reported from 176 countries. There have been 1,598 diagnosed AIDS cases in Britain, of which 897 have died. There are no world-wide figures for infection with the HIV virus but the World Health Organisation estimates the number at between five and 10 million people.

The contribution of the four people interviewed in this issue is remarkable. Two feel well but have HIV infection; two have got full-blown AIDS. Jasmine is a young woman for whom the discovery of her HIV infection was the catalyst to break her addiction to hard drugs. Derek Jarman is a distinguished film-maker who, unusually, chooses to use his public position to speak out on AIDS; he, too, has HIV infection. William is a black American whose experience of AIDS in America offers valuable insights for dealing with the illness here. And Paul is a young Londoner for whom the AIDS diagnosis has strengthened his resolve to get everything he wants out of his life—and also his death. All refuse to be victims.

Derek Jarman, 46, the painter and film-maker, now directing a film of Britten's *War Requiem*, is one of the very few people in British public life to discuss being HIV positive.

My primary reason for being open about the virus is I can't bear the secrecy—like about my sexuality as a kid. The whole problem is to break the taboos: to be honest about it and mug up the courage. Even so, I did not announce it publicly the minute I heard the diagnosis.

The doctor said: "Don't tell anyone." I knew that was wrong for me, because I had known all my life that I was in a privileged situation in society; because I had a voice—which everyone should have. Equally, it became important in the 1960s to be open about one's sexuality—for oneself, one's self-respect, and other people who might be helped. It was like taking a leap when I wrote about having the virus [in his book *The Last of England*, published last year], but then I did make certain that the information broke in the media in a particular way—in other words, I rigged it. I made sure it wasn't presented under a newspaper headline. The fear was that, being known as the wicked film director, who made *Sebastiane* and *Jubilee*, the Sun might crow, "Thank God, he's got his come-appeal!"—and I wouldn't have that.

I've always felt like a refugee. As a military family, we were surrounded by barbed wire as kids—our houses on the RAF camp were camouflaged. And then there was the world outside, which we didn't belong to. So from the very first moment one was placed in the position of an observer of Great Britain. We were on this island. And that was compounded by my sexuality, which also put me on an island. So it was a godsend that, just at the moment when I was beginning to be respectable, when my name was getting dropped in the media and I was being asked to dinner parties—it was a godsend to be antibody positive. It validated one's own isolation, which was the most valuable thing.

"Solidarity is, in the end, the most important aspect of one's life and this virus has given me a focus for that. I don't know who the other people are, but I know they're there!"  
DEREK JARMAN



JOHN COLE




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"A lot of the time I'm grateful for being HIV. It's made me realise I haven't got the time to mess around and I want my life to be as rich as it can"  
JASMINE

I've isolated myself all my life from elements of a society I find tedious. I don't go out to dinner, or to lunch with producers. I just don't live in that world. Somewhere in me I believe that people who do nothing—like those monastic orders that muffle their speech—that those people move the world. But, living in an imperfect situation, you have to speak up. I haven't become a politico of the virus, but it's important to put yourself on the line.

I'm always contradicting myself. One can be very optimistic one moment, and very pessimistic the next. I could give you an extraordinarily affirmative interview, telling you what a good thing it is that one acquired the virus at this point in history. It's brought a certain depth into our lives, and it's modern. The only thing is, the aches and pains are a nuisance.

The whole thing is to do with a mental equilibrium. Some people need to change their diet, say, to feel happier, but I've always had my painting and my films and my writing. Not to paint, and to give up smoking and go to sleep early, wouldn't help. The fact that I have a creative outlet is for me the most important thing. I am grappling with the virus in all the work I do. All art is about mortality.

There is an element in me that attempts to avoid things. It is inconceivable I could have avoided the virus, but I avoided having the test for as long as possible. [He did so, and was found positive, in December, 1986.] I don't think about the virus very much. I rarely talk about it. Yet I think it's very important. Everything is there within the virus: the way people relate to each other; the way society is laid bare in people's pronouncements about it. Norman Fowler visited my hospital and asked how many AIDS patients were heterosexuals! As if that was important with people dying.

It's also an assault on the paterfamilias and the power structure. We will be treated as the virus in the body politic. One MP has already called for concentration camps. I'd love to go and give Margaret Thatcher a big kiss on the lips.

I was celibate for a while after I got the diagnosis. Now I'm not—because I was making myself extremely unhappy. Everyone copes with the virus in different ways; some become reclusive. But they are all wrong. No one has been able to find a serious solution. I have lived with someone for the last 18 months, and it is the best relationship I have ever had.

It is not a tragedy for me at my age to have the virus. But it is a tragedy for someone in their 20s. It preoccupies me how younger people can deal with this situation, with none of the experience of the older generation. I would advocate safer sex—not wholly believing that any sex is safer—I would say, 'Cut down on sexual partners,' monogamy, yes... but I don't really believe in that. It comes down to denial in one way or another; and I am someone who has fought that perverse Christian morality and I'm still fighting it.

How can these children discover who they are without experimenting? And while the world proscribes it, I believe that what my generation did was totally and utterly valid. I wouldn't alter a thing. The promiscuity was necessary, because we had no exemplars as to what our sexuality was; everything was so repressed before the 1960s and 1970s.

Deep down, I find it difficult with doctors who say 'Why don't you go on this drug?' They are no longer able to say 'We think you should take AZT'. They say 'Have you thought of taking AZT? Would you like to discuss it with your friends?' I feel like saying that I would be much more interested if we discussed methods of suicide rather than methods of keeping alive another six months.

The medical profession can be just a sort of dispensary; even their suggestions that one has blood tests is going through the motions. But the more you get involved with them over AIDS, the more you become a useful statistic to them. But I want to say: 'Let's be honest—you might be able to cure a specific infection, but you can't alter the outcome of the disease. So

what's the point of living another six months?'

I'm obsessive about the virus, and I don't like obsessions. And yet it's here, and it is a reality. This virus is wrong. It puts everything on a wrong footing. It all feels slightly out of joint. Yet I wouldn't have it any other way. If someone gave me an escape door into the paradise garden, I wouldn't take it. Because I feel that solidarity is, in the end, the most important aspect of one's life and this virus has given me a focus for that. I don't quite know who the other people are. But I know they're there.

The most shocking thing that has happened to me in all this was when a middle-aged Italian lady came up to talk to me at the last Berlin Film Festival. She asked if she could see me alone and when all the hubbub had subsided she told me she had carried the virus for nearly four years and had told no one. She came from a small town in Italy where she felt the reaction would be terrible. We sat and held hands for two hours and swapped stories and I remained calm. After she left, I collapsed in tears. I couldn't face it. It's the only time I've ever cried about the virus. ■■

**Jasmine is 23. She is recovering from heroin addiction and now lives and works in London and is applying to become an AIDS counsellor.**

■■ I was diagnosed HIV last June. For a while my way of dealing with it was to carry on using [heroin]—and towards the end, quite heavily again. And then I realised that I was committing a slow form of suicide. By using I wasn't doing anything I could be doing to stay well. I could have chosen to die then, but I chose to live and to do everything in my power to live. So being HIV actually helped me, because it made me take a long look at what I was doing and decide it was time to stop.

I started drinking and smoking dope when I was about 15. I was bulimic, too... I tried to kill myself. I needed oblivion. At that time it was just too painful to be with myself. I took speed



and magic mushrooms while I was doing my A levels, and I went on to heroin when I was 18. It took me off speed and also at the time I thought it was quite glamorous. I was fixing in pub toilets—I think that's when I got the virus. Then I took a one-way ticket to New York, and on my second day there I met a guy and moved in with him in Harlem. He was a coke dealer. First I just used cocaine, then back to heroin, then injecting coke and heroin together...

While I was out there I heard I'd got a place at college. When I came back, I thought I had AIDS then—I had sores all over me, my glands were all swollen—I was a mess. I didn't use heroin again until the day before I went to college.

**R**ight from the start there, I got into a relationship, I thought, 'With him I'll straighten myself out.' But we ran out of things to talk about. So we'd talk about 'What if I'm positive?' It was something dramatic to discuss, and it made us feel closer. God, how sick! So I went for a test, in May or June last year. I actually said to them, 'I don't want the results till after my exams—but they phoned me just before the exams started and said, 'Come in and get your results.' And I was positive.

I took the exams while I was on heroin. I retook them in September. I finished my relationship—I found that incredibly painful. They say you need to hit a rock bottom to change and come off drugs, and that was it for me. I would wake up in the morning and start crying—because I could feel. Then I'd take heroin and it'd be OK again.

I began to go to Narcotics Anonymous meetings. I'd been to one a few years before, and I couldn't stand it—all these people seemed to get on with each other and to be happy, and I thought, God, I don't even fit in here! This time it was very difficult at first. I'd use and go to meetings, or I'd go to meetings and then use. But then I put down the drug. It was because of the HIV. I knew if I carried on using I couldn't fight the illness. I realise now I have two illnesses—they are my drug addiction, and being HIV positive.

They go hand in hand, staying off drugs and being HIV. They both mean you have to take a long look at yourself and how you want to live your life. I still have to work very hard on my addiction, but the HIV helps me stay clean. I can't control drugs, and I'll go out and use—because I want oblivion—I could go on for a month, and I would have affected my immune system. And right now I do not want to die.

I'm doing all the right things. I go for regular check-ups—I'm very healthy. I eat three meals a day, I take vitamins and things like evening primrose oil. I see Shirin [Shirin Naidoo, a healer working with the Terrence Higgins Trust] and my counsellor. I'm not in a relationship now, but that's not because I'm HIV positive—I've had a fling since I came off drugs—we used safe sex, and it was really good.

I can go into negative stuff and think I've got to settle for anyone who would be prepared to have a relationship with me. But being HIV is just a fact of me which whoever I get into a relationship with is going to have to deal with.

There was somebody I was getting to know,



JOHN CECIL

and he said: 'I'm frightened, because what happens if I fall in love with you, and you die?' I thought: 'How can you be so negative?' But obviously I wouldn't have unsafe sex. And I would not risk having a child, unless my diagnosis changed. I think of adopting, but I don't know that they'd let me have it. I do mind, I like children. I want to be able to take that option, and this disease has taken it away with me. But I don't really have anger with the virus now. I've got a lot of acceptance. I get more angry with the addiction—thinking, God, I've got to go to meetings all my life!

I get a lot of support—from Shirin, my counsellor, my friends and family, though when I told my mother, it was crap: 'Okay, my life's a mess, but I'm HIV—what can you expect?' I did it to make her feel sorry for me. But my parents have really educated themselves about this, and they're into positive thinking, too. My brother was the hardest person to tell, because I thought how I'd feel if it was the other way round. It was my brother. But now we joke about it—the virus jumping around on the toothpaste—because we both know you can't get it like that.

Part of me believes that if I choose to freeze out the illness at this stage, I can do that. I cannot imagine getting ill and going into ARC [AIDS related complex] or AIDS. I can't see the virus; I can't feel it. I'm not ill and I can't think of myself as possibly having a terminal illness. Then at other times I can't plan ahead and

see myself in 20 years' time. So there must be some deep part of me that thinks I will die soon. I'm afraid of dying a slow, painful death. And you're an addict you die by overdosing, and it's quick and painless. AIDS isn't like that.

I found the idea of God difficult, because I had imagined down my throat when I was young, and I rejected it. But I believe in a higher power—that there is something out there, even if it's just the collective energy from other people. Some days, I think it's there—some days, I wonder. But I do believe it's there—I look for it—just as I believe that if I choose to live, I will live.

But some people find it harder to live than others. I still don't find it easy. Some days it's a doddle, but sometimes I feel I'm running up the down escalator with sacks of coal on my back, and it's a struggle to be HIV. But I don't wallow. And life is full of surprises, and sometimes it's really good fun. It's lunchtime and I'm seeing Shirin—great, I can relax. Or I'm seeing my counsellor—great, there are things I'd like to look at. Or it's Friday—great, I'm going to get paid!

But when people say, 'Oh, it's marvellous how you're coping'—it makes me squirm. I don't like people to patronise me. I can also get quite angry with people who are HIV or have ARC or AIDS, who forget that other people go through things, too. People die of cancer. They go through so much in their lives. Have you

seen these badges that say 'PWA—Handle with care?' Person With Aids—Ugh!

A lot of the time I'm grateful for being HIV. It's made me realise I haven't got the time to mess around and I want my life to be as rich as it can. Sometimes it makes you feel special. Sometimes it pisses you off. It's difficult sometimes, because I have a problem differentiating between self-pity and sadness. That's something I'll learn in time—that it's okay to grieve. For me being HIV positive happened to be the trigger that made me explore these avenues of inner well-being and peace and spirituality. But really, everybody should. In that sense, being HIV is irrelevant. **W**

**William is 33. He lives and works in New York, but visits London regularly to see his lover, Andrew.**

**I**I was diagnosed as having AIDS in April last year, after I had pneumocystis carini pneumonia. They didn't tell me in so many words, but I gathered it from reading about the illness. They say it's a death sentence, and that's how you feel—'How long do I have to live?'—with all those thoughts about dying, and being in hospital and just wasting away. When I first heard, I wanted to close up and not talk to anyone. But I wasn't in a negative frame of mind because Andrew came over. He helped me

**"You don't have to die... there are a lot of things you can do about AIDS... a lot more people will be surviving!" WILLIAM**

through a lot and pushed me to do a lot. Just the fact that someone out there cares how you feel—it makes a big difference.

Now I have a group of people around me who I feel comfortable with. I have a support group here, too. But I've not been able to approach my family with this. I guess I have a fear of telling them. I've told my father. I was gay, but I've never told my stepmother and I don't know how she would react to it. I just don't feel a need to discuss my sex life with my parents. Only feel if I was terribly ill or on the point of dying I would want them to know. But I'm not, so I feel it would give them a lot of anxiety that they don't need. I don't think they are open-minded enough to deal with it.

I used to go to a clinic in New York, but all they do is take blood, watch you, and use you to compile data. They don't really do anything for you, except if you have an infection they give you antibiotics. But if you have AIDS, antibiotics aren't very good for you. If something happened, you'd have to wait to see a specialist—and they were charging for it. So I didn't see that it was helping me at all. They're really just waiting for you to die. I feel that more here than in New York.

**I** applied for AZT and got it and took it for two weeks. But it was a very toxic drug, and when I ran out of pills, I felt better, so I never went back for more. I don't think you can be too careful with your health, but if you think about it too much that can be a problem—and especially if you have to be taking AZT every four hours, you can't forget about it. At the beginning, I was very gung-ho, and I used to go to work with a bag of pills and vitamins. Now I don't. I guess because I can't be bothered, but also because as long as I'm feeling well, I don't want to be dependent on them.

I feel there is support to be had here, but I have a particularly good support group in New York where anyone can come to talk and learn and share. They bring in people who have had some really good experience, or doctors who have come up with something new and there are so many people there—I'd say 90 per cent—who have AIDS or Karposi's Sarcoma and who seem to be doing really well, and who come to help other people.

That's where I first met my doctor, Dr Emanuel Revici. He's 96 years old, and he's been doing research on cancer patients since the 1930s. Now he's working with AIDS patients and he's developed a serum which is all the medication I take—five drops on a piece of bread twice a day.

In New York the whole thing is: You don't have to die and there are a lot of things you can do about AIDS. There is a much more optimistic and positive view there and there are a lot of veteran survivors, who've had the disease for five, six, seven years, or who've had ARC, and who now have no symptoms. I would go to meetings and feel good. I would feel there was hope. There are several new things being tested there that you don't ever hear about here. They're often really simple and don't cost much, because the doctors who are doing this work are not in it for the money.

Plus in New York there are a lot more people with AIDS. Just within your small group, you'd be surprised how many people you know who

are sick. So you're all there for each other. Whereas here, you have to search for each other. In New York it also isn't seen as a gay disease, because a lot of straight people have it and a lot of women. And there is a different attitude towards gay people. Most people have lots of friends who are sick and dying. I guess that takes away from the joy, but there is more tolerance in New York. You see people holding hands in the street. I don't think you see it here. Basically it seems like it's against the law.

I don't have sex now with anyone but Andrew. When you are HIV positive or have AIDS you have to think about the other person. There are a lot of people out there who run around and don't stop having sex, but I don't want to be one of those people. Anyway, I don't feel very sexual. It's psychological and not physical, I'm sure, but this illness has really changed my sex drive.

The way to deal with AIDS is to have a positive mental attitude—it helps to cut out alcohol and sugary things as well. They say a macrobiotic diet is the best, but I find it too demanding, though I do eat very little red meat and lots of vegetables and lots of grains.

In the States there was recently a documentary film talking to a lot of long-term survivors and there was a woman on it who'd had ARC and she now no longer had any symptoms, she wasn't even HIV any more. Of the long-term people with AIDS in the US, only 85 per cent have died. One of the reasons a lot of people died earlier was that they didn't know how to treat them, whereas a lot more people now will be surviving. I don't believe AIDS is fatal in all cases. They've proved that. But this message hasn't got through over here. **W**

**Paul is 27. He and his boyfriend Gus share a council flat in London, and he is in the middle of a maths and computing degree course.**

**I**I'm extremely well, and have been all along. The only sign of AIDS I have is the Karposi's Sarcoma [a skin cancer that often occurs with AIDS]. I told my mum I'm going to end up looking like a bloody leek! When she said that I was really well. I make a joke to me to start with. But then I realised that it's not doing me any harm, nor causing any pain, except to look ugly. And the patches haven't got any worse since I started on chemotherapy.

I did work for a bit in an escort agency, but I don't think I got the virus there. I spent some time in the States before that and I didn't exactly behave myself. At that time, a few years ago, there were odd rumours about this 'Gay Plague'. We thought it was hilarious—a big joke people had made up. Then I was diagnosed HIV three years ago. Only a couple of people had died then. The test was available and I just decided I wanted to know. There was no counselling then, I didn't understand about it and carried on as usual.

Then gradually there was more publicity. I started hearing about people dying. This was 1985-86. New York was chaos. San Francisco was chaos, all the bars were closing. I became aware that it was dangerous and not nice.

It still wasn't worrying me too much. The statistics were 50-50 for developing AIDS from HIV infection and I thought I was bound to be



"I phoned everyone to get it over and done with in one go: 'Just to let you know I've got full-blown AIDS.'

How do you explain in a nice way?"

PAUL



NIKOLAI IGNATIEV

one of the 50 per cent who are all right, because I'd always been so healthy. Then the next year it went up to 80-20. I got a lesion on my ankle about a year ago. It looked like a mole. No one took any notice. Then it got bigger and I got another. They did a biopsy and I went on holiday. It ruined my holiday!

I came back, got the diagnosis, and I knew straight away who I was going to tell and who I wasn't. I phoned everyone, to get it over and done with in one go: 'Just to let you know I've been diagnosed as having full-blown AIDS.' I'm not subtle. Anyway, how do you explain in a nice way? There's no point in beating around the bush.

I've found people's responses to be very good. Only two people have had adverse reactions—both are still on the gay scene and they don't want to know. It annoys me that anyone could be like that. A few straight people still think you can get it from teaspoons, or that it's only the degenerates of society who get it. But most people don't patronise me. The attitude I like is what I get at the hospital: 'Oh dear, we've got you here for another 24 hours!' That's perfect.

Of course, it's part of my life now. You can guarantee that any conversation I have will have AIDS in it. But I've had support from every direction. Gus's parents, my parents, people at college, the doctors. After Christmas I went to see a counsellor and that helped a hell of a lot. Now I'm seeing a psychoanalyst, and we just hit it off straight away. She's only charging me a tenner. I've always set up a support system for myself. I like people and I'm selfish, in that I know where to get support if I ever want it. I've never been underground—I've always been out in the open. Everyone knows I'm gay and have known since I was 17.

I'd decided I'd like to go to college before I got the diagnosis. I'd left school at 16 and I decided I must do something using my brain. I got accepted and I was over the moon. My

course is another thing that makes me want to live. It's a boost, because it's something to aim for. It's very important, if you're faced with a possibly terminal disease, that you aim for things. I'd like to get my BSc and then get a decent job so I could live comfortably. Nothing more. I've got everything else—my relationship, my family, my dog and my cat, a nice flat. I've got everything I ever wanted, apart from enough money.

**T**he first thing I wanted to hear was: How long? The first prognosis was 22 months, which would have meant next March. Well, if you think you're going to die next March, you will die next March. I just feel I can cope with it. I'm on AZT all the time, with no side-effects. No pain, no physical symptoms, no tiredness. I tried acupuncture, but that would have meant going macrobiotic and I found it too boring. I did a course of autogenic training: relaxing, becoming aware of your body, going through mind exercises. Whether it's doing any good or not, you *feel* so much better.

In a lot of respects it's made me a better person, a lot calmer. I can't wreck myself any more. I've got to be nicer to my own body. I used to drink a lot and I have used drugs—just about everything going. I was very promiscuous. I'd go out to clubs until four in the morning and I'd have sex with five or six different people in one night. You can only do that for so long, because it's tiring! I don't think it's AIDS—it's age! I don't regret any of it, because it's all been fun. The escort agency wasn't fun. It was money. It was work. I decided it wasn't worth the hassle. It was depressing me so I stopped.

I don't sleep with anybody besides Gus now. He is HIV too and very healthy. We use condoms and safe sex—it took some time to get used to it, but it's fine now. I've no intention of being monogamous for ever, because I don't

believe in it. But I haven't got to the stage where I could sleep with someone else, because they must be told and I haven't got to the stage of knowing how you can chat them up and tell them. The day I do is the day I will.

I'm not a religious person. Divinity was a lesson I bunked off at school. If you go into Buddhism, it's a lot of chanting—I couldn't see myself doing that without having hysterics. There's a hell of a lot of people who use the idea of God as a backstop. I use my family and friends for support all the time. Apart from that, I've always had the strongest will to be healthy. I don't like being ill. I refuse to be ill and I'm not.

I was about to organise my own funeral a while ago, but then a friend died and that set me back a bit. I realised I needed to think a lot more about what I wanted and what it meant. Now I understand how elderly people feel—that you might not have long to live, and the best way is not to be frightened of it, but to face it. I think everyone should arrange their own funeral and not be frightened of their death. It's only because you're brought up like that in English society that it's a taboo subject and you can't talk about it—until you get to the stage when you should talk about it, and then there's nobody to talk to about it. I'll ask them all what they want—Mum and Dad and Gus—and integrate the three.

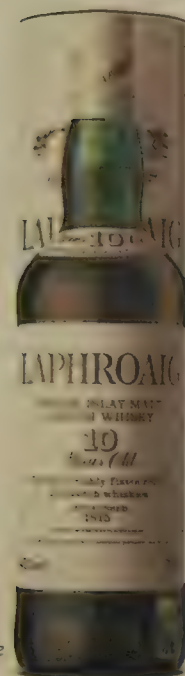
I always like to be open. I talk about AIDS with a lot of people who haven't got it. I went to a meeting of PWAs, but it was boring—we had nothing in common except AIDS.

I'm doing this interview to say: People with AIDS aren't necessarily all dying. What's the point of getting depressed and ruining the rest of your life? You may as well make yourself as happy as possible and make the best of what you've got left. Life is a terminal disease too—it just lasts a bit longer. As far as I'm concerned, I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm here and I intend to stay here for a damned sight longer than anyone thinks. **ff**





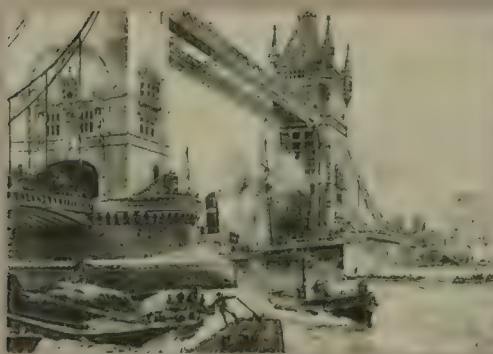
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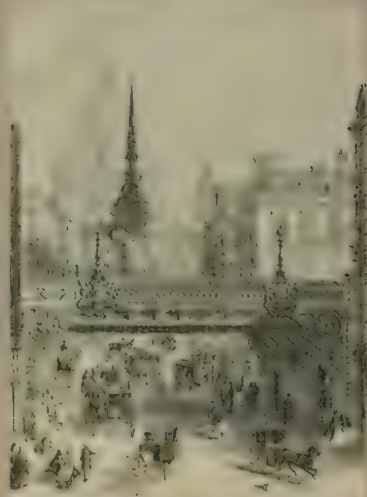
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# THE PROSPECT OF A CURE

by Dr Joe Schwartz

**W**e are now seven years into the AIDS epidemic. First identified in 1981 as a syndrome, AIDS today is a daily item in the newspapers with fragmented reports on new cases, new research and new government committees. The most recent technical reports on the epidemiology of AIDS are distinguished by their uncertainty. In the case of the heterosexual population in developed countries exceedingly rough estimates, which are no more than guesses, indicate a doubling of the present small number of infected persons every eight to 14 years. This estimated slow spread can bring some comfort to the white, heterosexual community in Europe and the United States, especially in contrast to the one- to two-year doubling time among gay men. But the security this figure gives may be illusory. The latest reports from the World Health Organisation indicate that the epidemic is spreading rapidly among the heterosexual population in central and southern Africa and the Caribbean.

In the presence of uncertainties about likely transmission rates, the public authorities in Europe and the US rely on present trends to assess the situation. These are far from encouraging. The latest WHO global update in June gives 94,000 cases of AIDS reported worldwide. Of these, the largest percentage is from the US with over 60,000 cases. The rest of the Americas report 9,000 cases. Europe reports 12,000 cases, Africa 11,000 Asia 200. Four countries in Oceania, including Australia and New Zealand, together report 900 cases.

The number of asymptomatic persons who test positive for HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) is much larger. WHO epidemiologists estimate that about 500,000 people in Europe are infected with AIDS and about two to three million people are infected in Africa. The figures on AIDS in Africa have been seriously challenged. Richard and Jane Chirimuuta in their book *AIDS, Africa, and Racism* (Free Association, London, 1988) call attention to the low standards of epidemiological work done by western agencies in Africa, particularly the reporting of false positives for AIDS in the early assays and grossly inaccurate extrapolations from scanty survey data. The World Health Organisation also cautions against drawing conclusions from any of the early data collected in Africa.

The US Public Health Service estimates that about 1.5 million people are HIV positive in the US. With the observed rate of conversion to AIDS of about two to five per cent a year, US health authorities anticipate an increase of the number of cases to 270,000 by 1991. WHO projects 20,000 cases in Europe by the end of this year, with France, Switzerland, Denmark and Belgium most affected.



The human immunodeficiency virus at work. This electron scan shows the virus replicating from the plasma membrane of an infected cell

Despite the magnitude of the problem, governments have not responded well. The *New York Times* has called the Reagan administration's response "torpid, fitful and riven with prejudice against those infected by the virus". A prestigious National Academy of Sciences report has condemned inaction by the US government. In the United Kingdom, the Government has been criticised repeatedly for ignoring the advice of the Department of Health and Social Security on the handling of AIDS in Britain. It has withdrawn funds from its needle-exchange programme, withdrawn a manual on AIDS for secondary schools issued by the Health Education Authority and refused to supply condoms in prison.

In the meantime affected individuals, those at risk and those actually having any of the 20-odd diseases associated with the syndrome are looking for positive action that can produce cures. Here, contradictions are making themselves felt. On the one hand, market considerations are prompting intense searches for treatments. On the other, the profit motive directs the search into marketable drugs and not necessarily towards effective cures.

So far, the primary beneficiary from the AIDS epidemic has been Burroughs Wellcome, whose anti-AIDS drugs Retrovir (formerly known as AZT) and Zovirax are the only treatments available. In the wake of the fourth International Conference on AIDS held in Stockholm in June, where the prospects for new vaccines and cures seemed doubtful, Wellcome's share prices shot up to their pre-crash levels. Wellcome's profits last year were £169 million. Its projected profits until August this year are £220 million and are expected to rise by another £100 million next year.

The key to profitability in the biomedical field

is a patentable product. Last February, Harvard University was awarded the first patent for part of the AIDS virus, a protein called gp120 that protrudes from the surface of the virus. Harvard then gave an exclusive licence to Cambridge Bioscience Corporation to use the patent. Cambridge Bioscience Corporation has contributed about £200,000 to fund the research of Harvard's Myron Essex, a leading researcher in the properties of gp120. Essex, in his turn, is on the company's science board of directors and also holds some equity in the firm. Such relationships between academic researchers and industry are now common.

**F**aced with market forces that may induce companies to withhold or not to develop treatments unless they are profitable, AIDS activists in the US have taken to watching the scientific literature closely for early news about promising treatments and then demanding their general release. In a small study of cultured cells, performed at the US National Institute of Health, evidence was found indicating that the compound AL-721—a butter-like substance—inhibits HIV entrance into white blood cells. The US Food and Drug Administration attempted to block its sale as being untested but pressure from AIDS self-help groups has resulted in AL-721 being sold, not as a drug but as a foodstuff, minimising the company's profits and maximising the product's availability.

Similarly, the compound dextran sulphate, used for years in Japan to treat high fatty-acid concentration in the blood, has been found in one study by Samuel Broder at the US National Cancer Institute to inhibit virus binding to white blood cells. Following positive clinical trials conducted at San Francisco General



A technician performs a test for antibodies to HIV. But the medical establishment is no longer unanimous in thinking HIV to be the causative agent of AIDS



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Hospital, gay community activists have organised guerrilla clinics to dispense and monitor treatment with dextran sulphate. The fact that the major drug companies have shown little interest in testing these cheap treatments has been widely interpreted as further evidence that profits are the main consideration in AIDS research.

In the meantime close liaisons of academic researchers and new-age biotechnology firms are working on making vaccines with techniques that have been successful in the past. Jonas Salk, of the Salk Institute in San Diego, and his newly created Immune Response Corporation have begun trials with injections of whole virus whose genetic material has been disabled by gamma radiation. As in the case of polio, the hope is that the whole disabled virus will produce an effective immune response to any subsequent virulent AIDS infection.

CIBA-Geigy AG in Switzerland plans to test a vaccine this summer in Geneva. The vaccine, prepared by a team from the University of California School of Medicine Chiron Corporation in Oakland California, uses the viral envelope protein, gp120, patented by Harvard University. The idea is that envelope proteins from the virus may be able to raise an effective antibody response to the whole virus. Such an approach has been used successfully to create vaccines against polio, measles and hepatitis-B. Other teams are working along similar lines with the gp120 protein.

Perhaps the most promising approach to these engineered vaccines uses not the envelope proteins but a core protein, the p17. Clinical research has indicated that when HIV positive individuals begin to contract AIDS itself their levels of antibody to p17 begin to fall. A team at the US National Cancer Institute and Viral Technologies Inc, in Washington DC, has made a synthetic protein-like molecule similar to p17, called HGP-30. It will be tested as a vaccine in London this year by Brian Gazzard of St Stephen's Hospital in Fulham, having been denied trial permission in the US by the Food and Drugs Administration.

With governments faltering because of prejudice and companies faltering because of profit, all eyes have been on science as a saviour. Yet western science, an institution whose achievements can arguably occupy pride of place in human history, has not been in-

vulnerable to the social stresses caused by the AIDS epidemic.

At the Stockholm conference the mood about vaccines was distinctly pessimistic. Researchers do not know how to understand most of the major features of an HIV infection. Most important, it is clear that the virus already produces a powerful immune response in the human body. This is the basis of the HIV antibody assay for the presence of the AIDS virus. And the antibody effectively neutralises virus in laboratory tests. What more could a vaccine do? Nevertheless, people with high levels of antibody to HIV still get AIDS. The normal antibody response seems ineffective against subsequent illness. This striking fact of the AIDS epidemic is reproduced by experiments on chimpanzees. The chimpanzee immune system produces antibodies against HIV proteins, antibodies that neutralise virus and antibodies that prevent the virus from attacking white blood cells. Yet in spite of the presence of these antibodies chimpanzees, when challenged with HIV, became infected.

While most researchers feel that there is some unknown property of HIV that permits it to evade the body's natural defence, Professor Peter Duesberg, a molecular biologist at Berkeley, California, has interpreted the data differently. Duesberg has expressed serious doubts about whether HIV is the cause of AIDS at all.

As a member of the US Academy of Sciences for distinguished work on oncogenes—the viral or cellular genes that can cause cells to become cancerous—Duesberg is no novice. In a long review article published in a leading journal (*Cancer Research*, March 1, 1987), Duesberg argues that HIV is not sufficient to cause AIDS and may not be necessary to cause AIDS. Citing the fact that incidence of the disease is a low two to five per cent per year he says there are many more asymptomatic individuals than symptomatic individuals. Duesberg concludes that the antibody response to HIV is working. In Duesberg's theory HIV may be a marker for AIDS but its presence alone is not sufficient to cause disease.

This argument is a response to the numerous mysteries about how HIV actually works. In addition to how it seemingly evades the normal immune response, the long latency period of between five and eight years before AIDS symptoms appear remains to be understood. As Jay Levy, of the University of California School

of Medicine in San Francisco, has written in an important review (*Mysteries of HIV: Challenges for Therapy and Prevention*, *Nature*, 6 June) "... other presently unrecognised functions of the immune system may be fundamental in warding off disease".

Yet Duesberg has been treated as a heretic for his views. Aside from a thoughtful response from Jonathan Weber of the London Royal Post-graduate Medical School in *New Scientist* last month, almost all the leading AIDS researchers in the US are refusing to comment on any aspect of Duesberg's argument. A spokesperson from the National Institute of Health said: "We have not answered Duesberg because it is not really needed. He's out of his field." Duesberg is clear about the reason for his excommunication. "The HIV hypothesis is part of a frustrated 20-year attempt by retrovirologists to achieve clinical relevance. I know because I am one of them."

One exception to the silence is Dr Anthony Fauci, Director of the National Institute of Allergies and Infectious Diseases and coordinator of US AIDS research. Fauci says: "Duesberg's argument is fraught with an extraordinary amount of loopholes. We know the virus infects T-cells. We know the T-cells disappear. And when they do AIDS comes on. It's like getting hit with a truck. We may not know the mechanism of HIV but we sure as hell know its etiology." In particular he has failed to account adequately for the transmission of AIDS to haemophiliacs and to the children of HIV-positive mothers. But one can easily envisage a research scenario where, after years of work, a vaccine based on a complete knowledge of the molecular biology of HIV may prove as ineffective against AIDS as is the present natural immune response. With stakes so high, it would seem that even if Duesberg's reading of the evidence has only a 10 per cent chance of being correct his analysis should be incorporated into the AIDS research programme.

As Harry Rubin, a specialist in retroviruses and a colleague of Duesberg's, has said: "In all fairness to the present victims of this scourge we ought to proceed to a balanced non-confrontational consideration of the true nature of the problem and of all the factors involved."

Fortunately, in spite of initial hostility, there are signs that Duesberg's critique has been taken up in part by some researchers. At the closing sessions in Stockholm there were calls for more research into sexual behaviour and into sexually-transmitted disease. King Holmes, chairman of the Department of Medicine at the University of Washington in Seattle, called for more research into genital herpes and more research into infections by the virus-like organism chlamydia, both implicated as risk factors in AIDS. He said: "It is disastrous that the control of chlamydial infections has been stalled for the past four years because funds have been diverted to AIDS research."

The AIDS epidemic is exposing a nasty side to our governmental, business and scientific institutions. And as long as the disease remains confined to those who have been forced to the margins of our society, it appears unlikely that a more coherent, effective response will be forthcoming ●





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# There's a lot more than you think to painting white lines!

Even proof-reading the London telephone directory has its moments of fun. **TIM LOTT** went in search of London's most boring job

It is an incontrovertible fact that the English are the most boring people in the world. Monotony is the colourless and flavourless ether that the nation breathes, unconsciously, gladly. It is not seen as a flaw so much as a birthright, to be treasured and preserved.

Pottering in gardens, anaesthetised in DIY warehouses, paralysed by cricket, doped by bingo, dozing in front of soap operas, the English sleepwalk through history. If life is a passion play, we sit in the back row of the circle, rustling our crisp packets at the highest point of drama. We have the dulllest political parties, a taste in clothes that can be described in shades of grey and a language which for the most part is butchered and freeze-dried into bite-sized clichés. We watch darts and call it sport and eat fish fingers and call it food.

To be strictly accurate, it is not that life in England is any more dreary than in any other post-industrial nation; it is the English *tolerance* for boredom that is unique. Politically, this has proved to be extremely valuable. Oswald Mosley was a failure because he thought the English wanted their blood stirred, whereas in fact, to the man in the street, quiet coagulation was infinitely preferable. And more than a century ago Marx accurately predicted that revolution could never happen in England. He lived here long enough to know that we simply could not be bothered with all that fuss. Extremism is altogether too invigorating.

Of course, there are deviants from the norm. Football hooligans buck against routine by seeking out the *frisson* that kicking someone's head in doubtless produces. Political hooligans are likewise motivated: when Ron Brown seized the mace, it was almost certainly not so much a protest against the Tories as a spontaneous rebellion against the comatose lot of the Labour back-bencher. But, as a general rule, boredom is accepted pretty much as an inevitable part of the human condition and tolerated, even embraced, with equanimity.

To try and divine how the English—or, in this context, Londoners—cope at the outer limits of boredom, I interviewed 10 people who, on the face of it, perform daily tasks that would put Skinner's Rats into a coma. Even taking into account a national culture of profound stoicism, it was hard to believe that their stories would be other than ones of unfulfilled ambitions and frustrated hopes. There was, after all, the Thatcherite zeitgeist to consider, a contemporary culture that demands achievement, mobility, acquisition and ambition. Yet, from the woman who proof-reads the London telephone directory to the man who measures Abbey Crunch biscuits, they are, as a group, basically content.

**Terry Horton, 39, Line painter, all over London**  
"There's a lot more to painting white lines than people realise. It takes two years to train for this job and it can be very challenging. And there is a certain amount of variety—I get to do playgrounds, running tracks, car parks.

"I suppose my job is boring, but at least I'm out and about. It's better than working in a factory and it's well paid. It can also be very dangerous, especially when you're working in the middle of the road. You get nutters who try and run you down. And the thermo-plastic that we use is a hazard—one guy I knew was burned to death when a car knocked a container of the stuff all over him. So you can't spend too much time day-dreaming. I'm more inclined to pray, it's so dodgy sometimes.

"I don't want to carry on doing this. In four or five years I'll be too knackered anyway. Then I want to sell my house, go abroad and get bored on a lovely beach."



**Oswald Bastianelli, 34, Biscuit production-line worker, Park Royal**

"I work on Abbey Crunch. Every 10 minutes I have to measure and weigh 20 biscuits on the line and make sure they are 181 mm wide and 202 grams in weight. Then I enter the figures in a book and do it again.

"It was pretty bad when I started. I was frightened of making mistakes. But now I'm used to it. It's not like being a robot—I find things to occupy my mind. I'll sweep the floor



every now and then or have a chat. Or I'll dream about my holiday, or going back to Italy to see my parents.

"Things seem to be getting worse in England. My pay doesn't seem to buy anything any more. Sometimes I work as long as 13 hours on a shift, measuring and weighing. It gets to you sometimes, but it is better than my last job, which was hard labour. It's lonely I guess. And it's at its worst now because the radio is broken so you don't get to hear any music. And that music stops me from going mad.

"I always wanted to be a Grand Prix car mechanic or a football-team manager. Now, I think I'll still be doing this in 10 years. It's hard to get a job—you don't have much choice. Anyway, I've just been promoted. Next week I'm going to be putting the chocolate on digestives. I'm looking forward to that."



**Adrian Buckley, 20, Ticket collector, Chigwell**  
"I thoroughly enjoy my job. I admit Chigwell's a bit of a backwater, but the people are nice. I've always been interested in railways. I had the classic childhood dream: to be a train driver. But I tried that and didn't like it. The railway fascinates me, though. I've got a model train set at home that I still play with a lot.

"The only time it gets exciting is when you have to chase off graffiti artists, but for the most part, it's the same every day. I spend a fair bit of time day-dreaming, mostly about being rich. Or I think about what I'm going to do after work—play with my trains, or see my girlfriend, go to the Sunday school or the youth club.

"I'm not in the least bit ambitious, but I don't suppose I'll still be collecting train tickets when I'm 45.

"Sorry I've been so boring."





**William Carlaw, age "a secret". Victoria & Albert Museum warden, Kensington**

"From the outside it looks as if I do nothing all day. We're not allowed to talk for more than a few moments at a time, so most of the day is spent in silence. Most of the people here are like zombies, but I won't let myself go that way. You have to use your imagination. I'm trying to learn languages, so I rehearse them in my mind. Most of the time you have to stay very alert. I am always aware of everything going on around me. There are some very clever thieves who try and distract you by talking to you, so I make sure all my conversations are kept short.

"Most people can't stick this job very long but I've been doing it for eight years, and I feel very happy and fulfilled. I'm surrounded by beautiful objects and the boss treats me well. I've been offered promotion, but I like things as they are. You get out of life what you put in. Most of the people here don't seem to realise that; they just moan all the time. They're not fresh, not really the right sort. I turn up for work early. It takes a lot of self-discipline, but I've got plenty of that.

"I used to be in the Merchant Navy—passed

out top in all my exams. It does get frustrating, because I don't feel I'm using my intelligence to its full capacity. Sometimes I think these are wasted years, but the museum has been very good to me. I have to be realistic. I probably wouldn't get anything better."

**Mark Miles, 16. Ice-cube packer, Strand-on-the-Green**

"I put ice-cubes into a bag all day and stack them in a freezer. It's incredibly boring. I wake up in the morning and think, "Oh, no, work again." My dad has to drag me out of bed.

"I never got any qualifications at school, so there's nothing else for me to do. I tried being a trainee butcher and a plumber, but it was too much hard work. The pay here isn't that great, but what I get I spend at the fish-and-chip shop or down the arcades.

"While I'm here I never day-dream. My mind is a complete blank. I've got no ambitions—I've never really thought about it. I wouldn't mind being a lorry driver, I suppose. Or a brickie. I tried going for a Youth Training Scheme, but I never got to the interview. I was so nervous I stuttered for a week. I don't want to do this for ever. But right now I've got no choice."

**Nick Marshall, 37. Editor, Laundry and Cleaning News**

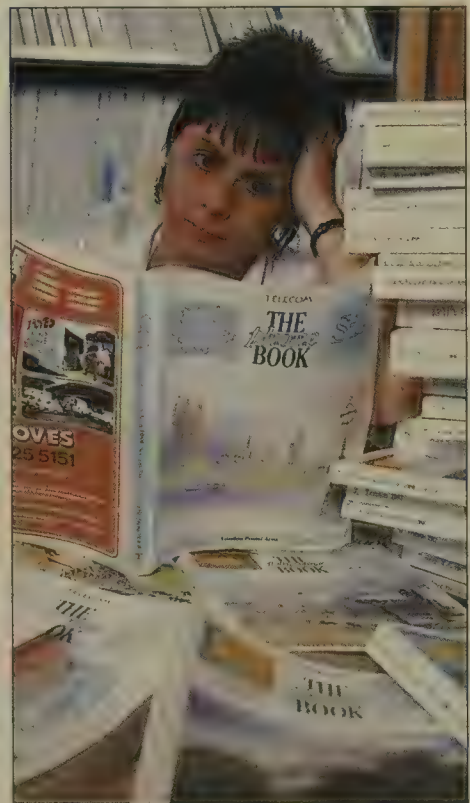
"There are those who think the subject of the title is prosaic, even within the company that publishes it. But in terms of profit, we do very well, so we learn respect.

"It isn't at all dull. There are big issues to be debated, such as the future of solvents in the dry-cleaning industry—environmental groups are claiming that they are harmful. The real growth areas at the moment are the developments in textile care and fabric technology, and the expansion of career apparel. Everyone can relate to clothes.

"This suits me very well. I used to be a journalist on the national and provincial press in this country, but I got tired of being at the beck and call of the news desk. I worked in Australia as a showbiz writer. Once I interviewed Marlene Dietrich.

"Some might think I've opted for the quiet life, but as a reporter I didn't like the disruption of my personal life. Excitement? Nothing comes to mind. And there aren't really any 'characters' in the dry-cleaning industry, just a lot of stressed executives.

"Any dreams I had are gone now. As for ambitions, it wouldn't be practical or sensible to talk about them."



**Jill Rome, "over 21". Proof reader for the London Telephone Directory**

"Proof-reading is only part of my job. I also take customer orders and deal with engineers. Every 18 months we have to do 32 books so it's only a week and a half in every month. I have to check for mistakes. I didn't really choose to do it, I just ended up in this department.

"It's a bit boring, but I can enjoy it. In a way it's a break from the pressure of the rest of the job. Sometimes I'll have to read 50 pages in a day. I genuinely don't mind. You have to concentrate on what you're reading, so your mind stays active."





**Joan Bennett, 53, and Pat Jackson, 50. Condom packers, Strand-on-the-Green**

Joan: "We spend all day making up variety packs, putting condoms into boxes—2,000 every hour. We have to sort out the flavours—they've got banana, licorice, mint, orange, everything. It's the same as any job, isn't it? I enjoy it—no one interferes with you, you can have a good chat. I used to put crisps into bags, that was much worse. And it's more boring being at home. Mind you, I can't understand why anyone uses the things. It must

be like having a bath with your socks on."

Pat: "I don't find it at all monotonous. I could honestly carry on doing this all night. When I get bored I think about the different flavours. Banana sounds nice. There's no other job I'd rather be doing."

**Stuart Broughton, 37. Lavatory attendant, Notting Hill Gate**

"I've been doing this job five years and eight days, but who's counting? You get winos, drug addicts, dead bodies down here. I have to clean

up the lavatory bowls, mop up the vomit, collect the old syringes, remove graffiti. I've got diabetes, so it's difficult to get a decent job and I'm knackered all the time. I've done worse things than this—inspecting ball bearings was the pits. Luckily, I've got a very high boredom threshold. I'm actually grateful for this job. It's a bit embarrassing telling people at parties what I do. I say it very quietly.

"There are good things about working down here—the hours and the pay aren't bad, and there's no pressure. I can forget about what I do when I get home. I've never had any dreams or ambitions. I hope I won't be doing this for ever but it doesn't do to think about the future too much. I might be dead tomorrow."

**Alan Simpson, 45. Car park attendant, Marylebone**

"I do this for 40 hours a week and get £2.50 an hour. It is better than slogging your guts out. Compared with some of the other stuff I've done, like grave-digging, this is fine. When I get bored with it I'll pack it in. I do loads of different jobs, mostly unskilled labouring stuff.

"Boredom's just a state of mind, you can live with it. I day-dream a lot. When I was a kid, I dreamed I was going to be Roy Rogers. It didn't quite work out that way. I still dream of being a film star and having lots of money and lots of dollies. I guess it's a bit far-fetched." ●



*Boring pictures: Mark Miles, the ice-cube packer, did not turn up for his photo call; Alan Simpson had been dismissed from his job as car park attendant and Nick Marshall the editor of Laundry and Cleaning News was "far too busy".*





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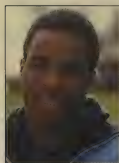
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# Chris Oti rugby's new hope

Chris Oti had rugby as well as education in mind when he went to Cambridge. Here, he talks to LEWIS CHESTER about being the first black to represent England at the game since 1908



On the day after Chris Oti scored three superb tries from the wing to help England beat the Irish 35-3, he found his training route taking him past a London building site.

"You that Chris Oti?" came a slightly menacing

voice from the scaffolding. The builders did not give the appearance of being rugby types and, as Oti was the first black to play rugby for England in 80 years, there was ground for apprehension about the purpose of the inquiry. But Oti, with his running shoes on and a best time of 10.8 over 100 metres, felt he could risk a straight answer.

His identification brought a great chorus of "Right ons" and arm-waving salutes to his prowess from all the men on the site.

Oti says that it was the most heartening of all the accolades he received after the match; better even than *The Times's* report: "It was as if the doors of the Bank of England had been unlocked and liquid gold had been poured out on the unsuspecting masses."

The metaphor, coined last March, was president as well as apt, for Oti will start his working career at the Bank of England later this month. I met him at his family's comfortable home on the edge of Hampstead Heath where, dressed unlike a banker—in blue sweatshirt and orange track pants—he was positively bubbling. He had just got news from Cambridge University that he had passed his degree examinations in land economy.

"I seem to have been studying all my life," he said. "Now I'm just delighted at the prospect of being free to do other things."

Agel 23, Oti is the third of six children born to Nigerian parents. His father, Emmanuel, a successful businessman, is an Ibo. His mother, Benedicta, is Yoruba. When I asked Oti if his family had been touched by the Biafran conflict, in which many Ibos sought secession from Nigeria, he was surprised. "I think that all happened before I was born."

In fact, it happened before he was six, but his references are practically all English. Born and brought up in Finchley, he went to prep school

in Hampshire, then to public school in Somerset, before climbing the higher degree ladder at Durham and Cambridge.

It is an English upper-middle class odyssey, and Oti says "I now realise I've been protected most of my life. At my schools there were quite a few people from different backgrounds. Being black was never any kind of issue. It's only since I've had some success that I've realised its importance in the real world."

The reality emerged almost immediately after his stunning success in the match against Ireland. Names were canvassed for an all-star team to tour in South Africa and, according to the *Daily Express*, Oti's potential recruitment was seen as "a major coup". Oti was then obliged to issue his first political, and self-defining, statement. He could "never play rugby in South Africa with things as they are".

He was unimpressed by seductive suggestions that by playing he would see for himself what conditions are like. "Seeing for myself might be a good idea, but not by playing rugby."

Oti first played rugby at his prep school where, after learning that the ball should be deposited over the try-line rather than on it, he enjoyed considerable success. But the real flowering came at Millfield, a passionate rugby school, where Oti regularly ran in tries from one end of the field to the other. Before leaving at 17 to read general arts at Durham University, he had an England schoolboys' trial but missed selection.

Up to this point Oti's progress had not been unlike that of his two older brothers, Emmanuel and Stephen, both brilliant rugby players at school, but drop-outs at the adult stage. Oti very nearly dropped out as well. "Perhaps I'd had it easy at school, but suddenly the play was really rough. There was never any space, very few opportunities, and I found it hard to run with the ball. I think I would have given it all up if it hadn't been for Ted Wood, the University coach, who persuaded me to keep at it."

Ted Wood recalls: "I don't know if 'persuaded' is the right word. I really got angry with Chris. I remember saying it would be a sin if someone blessed with his talent failed to develop it. Coming up against hard sides like West Hartlepool is tough for a young lad, but from the first time I saw him I was convinced he'd play for England if only he kept his feeling



Saturday, March 19: In only his second game, left-

for the game. Chris is one of the nicest guys ever, but that means he has to love the game in order to play it. He is a true Corinthian."

Oti was also still a boy playing a man's game. Though close to his full height of 5 feet 9 inches, he still lacked the power to match his speed. It was only in his third year at Durham, when his weight approached 14 stone, that Oti exhibited his particular ability to get out of tight situations by breaking tackles.

Oti had rugby as well as education in mind when he went on to Cambridge. Marcus Rose, one of his predecessors in Durham, had trod the same route and played for England. Still, Oti's firstVarsity match was played on the losing side though he scored the only try. But within three months of his second game, in which he scored two outstanding tries to help defeat Oxford, he was selected for England against Scotland, displacing Mike Harrison, the Wakefield wing who had been the team's captain.

"I thought it would happen some day," said



winger Chris Oti scored three times, helping England to their only victory of 1988 and giving them their first tries for eight years

Oti, "but I just didn't allow myself to anticipate when. So when it did happen it really was a complete surprise." Joy in the Oti household was almost immediately quenched by tragedy, however. Oti's youngest brother, 11-year-old Sylvester, died suddenly of a rare blood disorder. There were suggestions that Oti might not play, but not from Oti himself. "It's the last thing Sylvester would have wanted."

Becoming the first black player to represent England at rugby since James Peters in 1908 has made him the focus of attention from newspapers around the world. "Suddenly I find I'm being asked questions about race, inner cities and employment, as if I should be some kind of expert. I'm only really qualified to play rugby. All I hope is that I can help other coloured people by attracting them to play the game—or white people, for that matter."

My impression is that Oti is a good deal more attuned to social concerns than he admits in public. He is not a typical rugby hearty; he

verges on the teetotal. His relaxations are dancing and music, but not of the kind that includes bawdy renditions of "Eskimo Nell".

He enjoys the fellowship of the sport but believes that some of its forms can inhibit young talent. "I've known a lot of brilliant players of foreign blood give the game up, usually because of something to do with things not working out in relation to travel and the social side."

Oti tends to speak of social difference rather than overt racism which he has rarely encountered. When he played in the North, there had been remarks made "in the heat of the game", but he has certainly never had to put up with the kind of abuse that black soccer players regularly get from the crowd. "The great thing about rugby crowds is that they are not too partisan. They really do want to see the best players turn it on, whatever side they are on."

Flair, which might be defined as the capacity

to produce the unexpected, is the outstanding attribute of Oti's game. Yet it is an elusive quality, impossible to acquire, easy to mislay.

"You can lose it," he says, "by trying too hard. I'm sure that was my problem in the North. The harder I tried, the less anything worked. You can also lose it by overtraining. My start to the season this time last year was pretty dreadful for that reason."

He comes to this new season well rested. He was invited on what turned out to be a punishing England summer tour of Australia and Fiji, but decided to take his Cambridge finals instead. He is scrupulously not overtraining with his new London club, Wasps, and is hoping for another chance to play for England.

On the evidence of his brief international career the call will come, and, if the popular vote means anything, will keep on coming. England's rugby fans, long-starved of a genuine hero to cheer from the terraces, will expect the selectors to do their duty. ●



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Cecil Parkinson

PARANOID by Ralph Steadman



# CECIL PARKINSON, the second coming

by Polly Toynbee

Reactions to the man tend to be physical—gut more than reason. People warm to those soft good looks, the earnest, concerned little frown—or else they wince at that manufactured, Austin Reed demeanour.

His office, overlooking the Thames, is large and featureless, unstamped by any personal taste or eccentricity. He sits on a long sofa, his back ramrod-straight, in striped shirtsleeves—no, not monogrammed—dapper, trim, thoroughly kempt. Immensely courteous, he comes himself to collect his interviewer and travels the lift to the ground floor to bid farewell: manners maketh the man. But what, people are asking anxiously, lies beneath? What quality of man resides under the oiled hair, combed so neatly flat even the comb-marks stay in place?

The question is now pressing, for Cecil Parkinson, currently the Energy Secretary, is hotly tipped as the next Chancellor, should Nigel Lawson choose to pack his red bag and head for the lusher payrolls of the City. Parkinson's recent appointment to the powerful chairmanship of the Star Chamber committee, previously occupied by Lord Whitelaw, has fuelled all the speculation that this was the Prime Minister's way to elevate her favourite in preparation for Number 11 next year. Others suggest she may have the Foreign Office in mind for him. And beyond that, he now looks like her chosen heir—though this is a precarious post, the throne-room is littered with corpses. And, of course, it all depends on the time and manner of her eventual departure whether her own choice is the likely successor, or someone from quite another strand of the party—Michael Heseltine, for instance.

Parkinson is the Prime Minister's most favoured courtier because he exemplifies the political virtues she most seeks. (His adultery never bothered her much. Her Victorian values do not include undue prudery.) Above all, he is one of the very few left in the Cabinet who is "One of Us"—a crusader in the single-minded pursuit of pure Thatcherism. He is definitely dry while most of the others are pragmatists, inclined to drag their heels on matters such as the Poll Tax when they see the Prime Minister moving like an irresistible force towards an apparently immovable object. He will follow her through the thickest battle, and is regarded by fellow ministers, who like him personally, as entirely her creature. That bodes well for his immediate promotion, but his future leadership chances will depend on Mrs Thatcher leaving while she and her policies are still triumphant.

His background epitomises the "New

Model" Tory. His father was a Lancashire railwayman, a lengthman laying the iron rails with bare hands. In the war he had been a Bevin boy, drafted into the coal mines. Then he was sent, in those days of directed labour, to the railways, and there he stayed for the rest of his working life. While Kinnock boasts that he was the first Kinnock to attend university, Parkinson boasts that he was the first in his family to get a secondary education. "My father was clever," he says, "but had no opportunities."

Born in Carnforth, Lancashire, both Cecil and his sister won scholarships to grammar schools. Cecil went to the Royal Lancaster Grammar School. His sister did well, too, and is now a head mistress in Morecambe. He took up rugby and athletics—"I was Victor Ludorum a couple of times," he lets slip—and began to acquire the first traits of upward mobility, though not the accent, which came later.

His family was from a long line of solid northern working-class Conservatives, but at grammar school he and his best friend joined the Labour party, and became vigorous activists through three post-war general elections. "I was the first member of my family ever to belong to the Labour party!" he says, and laughs at the paradox.

Was he, this arch Thatcher-man, once a real socialist? He put his head on one side and tried to remember. "I found Mr Attlee's ideas really attractive. One looks at nationalisation now wonders how anyone can support it. But looking back, after the war it seemed the perfect answer—managers and workers working together for the good of the nation, united in the same endeavour, for harmony and prosperity. And that prosperity would be used for the good of all. I'd heard about the 1930s, particularly in the north, and how hard it had been. It was time for a new course of action, a different sort of society. It gripped my imagination."

So what disillusioned him? "Labour created a society that was not prospering, and the people at the bottom, whom I'm sure Labour cares about—though not more than we do—they were the ones who suffered most."

At Cambridge he says he lived "a lonely existence" at first, when freshmen were boarded out in digs, though he went up to Emmanuel College with others from his school. "It was an alien world, but in those days of rationing one had to eat all one's meals in Hall, because one had handed in one's ration book. So one did get to meet a lot of people quite quickly."

He ran in the college athletics team. "One started to identify people one liked, and enjoy oneself in a variety of ways—the cinema was a great interest. And listening to church music,

especially at King's. I led a very social life." But no politics. He went once to a union debate, where he was appalled to watch Herbert Morrison "embarrassingly mauled" by Ian Macleod. Almost equally savage was the undergraduate Tory speaker one John Biffen, whom Parkinson did not meet before entering the House of Commons.

But how did he sound at Cambridge? Was it there that he shed his Lancashire accent? He looked pained at this question, sighed, and leaned forward. "Everyone always talks about my accent," he said, "as if it is something I have deliberately invented. They say I have a plummy voice. Do you think I sound plummy?" Well, yes. It is an elegant, mellifluous voice, a little actorly, I suggested. He then expounded at length on the varieties of Lancashire. "I was never 'Ee ba Goom' or Thora Hird," he emphasised. He claimed he still had a style and pace of speech that was pure Lancashire, and occasional words for which his children mocked him, but, frankly, I could not hear it.

The point of this is to show how much he minds what people think of him, and, particularly, what people write about him. He is raw and sensitive, unseasoned, his hide insufficiently cured to the requisite toughness for a politician who is particularly prone to be mocked. "Smarmy Cecil" *Private Eye* calls him. Fellow Tory Julian Critchley, Parkinson complains, has coined all kinds of phrases which flow time and again through other lesser pens. He traces these epithets through his cuttings. "Oleaginous", "lacquered", "poshness learned by numbers", "matinée charm" is just one string of insults in a recent article. He looks really hurt. For such a survivor, a man who has gone through fire and back, how did he manage to stay so soft? Part of his famous charm with women may spring from this vulnerability; to others it might smack of wimpishness.

"Monogrammed shirts, for instance," he says suddenly, though I had not mentioned them. Well, yes, he does often wear them, but he could explain why. It was in his young days as a junior whip, that prefects' study of the Tory party, testing ground for the Right Stuff and clubbability. A snobbish old Etonian whip (who later died of drink) said to him: "You're the sort of chap, if you're not careful, who'd wear monogrammed shirts." They have been ever since.

Life could be tough for the parvenu in a party dominated in those days by the upper classes. Now his pedigree is a winner. He did not



actually join the party until 1959. He was by then a chartered accountant, a partner in a City firm, and married to Ann, daughter of a successful Lancashire builder, whose fortune he is said to have multiplied in the City.

He first entered the House of Commons in 1970. Parkinson says he had no political ambitions until an old Northerner on his local committee suggested he might have a go. "I know quite a lot of MPs," the old man said unflatteringly. "They're no better than you." So he did, and was selected at his second try. He became a junior whip in the Heath days. But he was not a Heathite. He was among those who gathered at Nicholas Ridley's flat for dissidently dry discussions. In 1979 he joined the government as a junior minister in the Department of Trade, where he was highly successful, famed for bustling salesmanship around the world.

**H**e caught the Prime Ministerial eye. He was her type, in every way. She has always liked the soft good-lookers. When she jumped him up to the party chairmanship, there was understandable surprise at such rapid promotion—and amazement and some indignation when he was included in the very small inner war cabinet during the Falklands crisis in 1982. He was only a party chairman, without ministry, a political post that other parties do not include in the cabinet. A sign that this was pure favouritism came later when Tebbit was outraged at not being similarly included in the war cabinet dealing with the Libyan bombing crisis, when he was party chairman.

Lightweight, a charmer, a dumb brunette, was how his critics derided him. The same chorus swells now at the prospect of even higher elevation. It is one thing in the Tory party to be liked, quite another to be admired and considered suitable for the highest offices.

But what of his great disaster? There he was, the triumphant party chairman, architect of the 1983 election victory, and, according to many reports, about to receive his laurels as the new Foreign Secretary. When I asked if this had indeed been the case, he said, "Yes, the Foreign Office was certainly a possibility." Then—explosion. After the exposure of his affair with his secretary, Sarah Keays, all lay in ruins.

As he recalls that time, he again takes on the look of a man just hit over the head with a bottle. "I scarcely remember that conference at Blackpool. That 48 hours is an absolute blur."

He says now that he always knew he was about to resign as he set off to Blackpool, which was not the impression of observers at the time. But he is careful to give tangible proof. At the Department of Trade and Industry that week he put his affairs in order, like a man about to commit suicide. He made no arrangements for his forthcoming trip to Japan that Sunday when the conference had ended, as he knew he would not be going. He settled the external financing limit with British Steel.

He arrived in Blackpool and made his routine speech: "a speech listened to by millions, heard by nobody," he says wryly. It was later that night, when the first editions of *The Times* arrived in Blackpool, that everyone knew what he says he already knew. Sarah Keays had spelt out the grisly details of their long affair. "The

whole media gaggle was there. I had tried to slip away by a back door, but the person who had parked my car had disappeared with the keys and couldn't be found for an hour. By which time the jackals had an opportunity to congregate around me." He relives the horror of it as he talks.

"I'd had a totally full diary until well into the next year. Suddenly, I had no commitments. But there were over 16,000 letters waiting for me when I got back. Only 40 of them—no, 42—were unpleasant. The rest were kind and supportive and encouraging." Conservative associations who had booked him to speak still wanted him as their guest of honour. "People wrote saying 'Don't give up: you have a role in



With Mrs Parkinson, another strong woman

the party.' It started me up again. It has made me realise how important it is to write to people who have had an accident or a disaster."

It has not been his only tragedy. His daughter Mary has been in and out of court and the newspapers as a drug addict, part of that world of gilded middle-class youth tumbling from privilege to catastrophe. Unfairly, it always leaves a slight tarnish on the parents, too, in the public mind: what did they do wrong? Though for others, more sympathetic, it gives another reason to feel sorry for him.

He paid a long penance, from 1983 to 1987, for his affair with Sarah Keays. It was the wilderness, but not quite outer darkness. The Prime Minister had not wanted to let him go, and she kept in close touch. "It's easy to exaggerate that," he says, without quite denying it. "She is a good friend of mine and my family. There was no question of daily or weekly meetings, but I saw her very occasionally. I won't pretend I was nipping into Number 10 and going over Cabinet business with her. We talked from time to time. But once you are out of office, there is no natural reason to meet. Then, back in office, yesterday I was in Downing Street three times in one day." An indicator of that closeness was, for example, Christmas, 1986 when favoured ministers were invited to Boxing Day drinks at Chequers. Cecil Parkinson, though out of office, was there for Christmas Day itself.

One curious ingredient in Cecil Parkinson's political life has been his very close friendship with Norman Tebbit, an attraction of utter opposites: this smooth, graceful, natural conciliator, and the thuggish, brutish but brilliant

Tebbit. Their careers in recent years have been mirror-images. Successive party chairmen, Tebbit was up while Parkinson was down. Now their roles are reversed, and, by all accounts, Tebbit is a bad and bitter loser, jealous of his friend's return to the limelight. Parkinson is now undoubtedly the Victor Ludorum, while Tebbit has taken to sniping from the sidelines.

He has other close friends in the Tory establishment. Lord McAlpine is one and Michael Spicer, a junior minister in Parkinson's ministry, another. These are both men, however, who belong to the Thatcher circle and are unlikely to be able to propel Parkinson towards the leadership.

Strong women have played a vital part in Parkinson's life. His wife is one. In standing by him through the scandal, she was no weak, discarded woman. And now, of course, a wife in that position has a particularly powerful hold over her husband. Everyone knows Sarah Keays's strength. We have seen the full might of her passion, and her anger, as she nurses the tragically ill child of their affair.

**A**nd then there is the Prime Minister, who plucked him from obscurity, and upon whom he largely depends for his standing in the party. He had no great power-base of his own, no natural constituency within the party, however few his enemies. His power comes from the whim of her favour. "Yes, we get on," he says. "But it's much over-stated about my being a favourite. I think she thinks I've always done the job I've been asked to do reasonably well. We do share a number of common convictions."

Which ones in particular? He chose at once to talk of the economy, as if indeed the Chancellorship was not far from the forefront of his thoughts. "We share especially a belief in sound money and well-controlled central government finances as the basis of a strong economy." At a time when Prime Minister and Chancellor are apparently locked in a battle about management of the economy, this answer is a coded way of stating quite unequivocally that he is with the Prime Minister, the dries, the Professor Alan Walters school of evangelical monetarism. He is firmly of the shrinking Tebbit/Ridley axis, not a waverer.

Well, has he got the Chancellorship in mind? "People never believe this, but I have never had an ambition for any particular job. It has never been my declared or my secret ambition to be Chancellor." He has what he calls a Parkinson's Law of his own: "In politics people like to give you what you deserve and deny you what you want."

There is also, of course, the Peter Principle (or could it be the Cecil Principle?) which refers to people being promoted beyond their capabilities. That is what some people in the Tory party are saying in Westminster, but then they would, wouldn't they?

To meet, he is indeed charming, likeable, open and certainly intelligent. He may not have Lawson's brain—but then nor have the other contenders for Lawson's job. What he lacks most is Lawson's daring. He cares too much what people think of him to be a risk-taker in the big league. Personable but pliable, a natural follower not a leader, a Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, and not quite a prince ●

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Sacred Cow

# Sainsbury, Shop of Horrors

by Lindsay Mackie

*God made the wicked grocer  
For a mystery and a sign  
That men should shun the awful shop  
And go to inns to dine.*



The neat little demolition job by G. K. Chesterton has not lasted. Regard, today, the mighty elevation of the grocer and his trade. Like medieval armies, the grocery chains clank their way up and down the country—Sainsbury from its southern base trying to capture the northern heartlands, Asda moving south, and Tesco manoeuvring to grab rich stragglers from Sainsbury.

Ten years ago there were 62,000 independent grocery stores in Britain. Now there are 38,800, and the number seems to decrease by a couple of thousand each year. More than half of the groceries we buy in Britain are now sold to us by five companies: Tesco, Sainsbury, Dee, Argill and Asda. Is this enough for them? No, it is not. Sainsbury has now bought into the ASA.

It has done this to keep up its share earnings and pre-tax profits (£308 million this year), and its status as market leader (biggest retailer in Britain) ahead of Marks & Spencer. It seems wrote an appreciative City columnist recently, that Sainsbury can do no wrong.

He had obviously never tried Sainsbury's tinned macaroni cheese, but there you go. It is a sad fact that among those who write about Sainsbury, critical faculties often seem to have gone AWOL. Take this journalistic equivalent of monosodium glutamate from one of the Sunday papers: "For millions of shoppers," it trilled, "it is now perfectly acceptable to be seen carrying a Sainsbury's carrier, or, indeed, serving Sainsbury's champagne."

Or this: "Sainsbury's men glow with pride as they explain to you the sophistication of the ordering, computing and delivery systems that get the right slice of cheese to the right store at the right time." Roy, my local grocer, seems to get much the same result by rising at some appalling hour and going to Nine Elms in his old lorry.

Sainsbury is not to blame for the drivel written about them. Theirs, after all, is a success story, beginning as a dairy produced by John Sainsbury in Drury Lane in 1869. Sainsbury

opened its first self-service shop in 1950, went into DIY and garden centres in 1982, took an American shareholding in 1983, now owns 270 supermarkets, and has an annual turnover approaching £5 billion.

Their slogan, "Where Good Food Costs Less", was the brainchild of old Sir John, as we now know him, back in the Drury Lane days. But, according to the Institute of Grocery Distribution, the big grocery companies decided back in the 70s that the price carrot was no longer sufficient to get people into their stores. The proportion of our income that we spend on food has been gradually dropping. To get us to spend more, the companies need something more enticing than tuppence off a can of beans. Sir Jack Cohen's great slogan for Tesco, "Pile it high, sell it cheap", has not been much mentioned now that Tesco is promoting health foods and yummy little fancies.

So Sainsbury is not particularly cheap. Buy their nastily wrapped Milano salami for £6.50 a pound and kick yourself when you find the Italian deli up the road is selling infinitely superior stuff for £4. Why buy Parmesan at Sainsbury for £7.40 a pound when the same deli will give it away for £5.20? Roy will sell iceberg lettuce, a pound of asparagus and bunches of mint for 65p, £1.35 and 20p, whereas Sainsbury will take 89p, £1.78 and 39p for the same things.

There are some signs, say City analysts, that as the "consumer spending pitch becomes less buoyant" (or as we acquire more sense than money) price may again become part of the supermarkets' sales pitch. This would be a great relief. At least price is a tangible measure of a grocery store.

It is a terrible thing to listen to Sainsbury customers rave about what is, after all, a large warehouse selling lots of food at prices which make the shareholders very happy. Far from being reluctant to be seen with the carrier bags, they insist you examine the contents. Six kinds of fresh orange juice! Crème fraîche! Goat's cheese! Washing powder in tombstone-like packets! Cream crackers! Fresh fish!

This pathetic gratitude is puzzling. It seems to



say that before the superstores at Burpham, Chiswick or Ladbroke Grove, there was not a lettuce or courgette in the south of England that was not dying from old age. On and on they drone, these Sainsbury-fanciers, their dinner parties ringing with squeaks of pleasure about some perfectly ordinary bit of grub that the good fishmonger, butcher, baker or market vegetable stall has been selling for decades.

It is foolish to wax sentimental about the old-fashioned grocery store, and foolish to deny Sainsbury's virtues. But to wax lyrical about what a good grocery store should do—sell fresh food and plenty of it, and keep a note of what the customers like—and to take as much pleasure from traversing the undistinguished shopping aisles as some Venetian gallery, is odd indeed.

Sainsbury customers like to pretend that just by shopping there they become the adman's target: the AB-rated human. But a trip around a Sainsbury store can be just as desolate as visiting Kwiksave, which everybody knows is for oiks. At Islington, my local Sainsbury, you struggle to put your pound coin in the trolley, walk for miles up and down the aisles, shudder at the awful presentation at the deli and bakery sections, are buffeted at the cash desk by people trying to reach the paper cups, load up your bags yourself, walk miles to the car park (no customer convenience here), and realise you have undergone a hideous urban experience.

Alternatively, rush to take your two-year-old for an emergency pee at the new Ladbroke Grove store, listen with mounting irritation as the gates through which you have pelted break into the "shoplifter escaping" song, and then avert your eyes from dirty toilets. Yet Sainsbury enjoys a considerable reputation for the good taste of its store designs. So whence does this come? Not from the Islington store, where architectural style resembles a wall-of-death; nor from Holloway Road and Nine Elms, which look like petrol stations, and certainly not from Burpham in Surrey, a windowless hangar.

There are recent signs, however, that Sainsbury's image of cultural patronage is cracking. Some time ago it bought land from Ian Pollard, the architect and developer, in Warwick Road, Earl's Court, for a DIY Homebase store. This involved Pollard building an Egyptian facade, with Corinthian columns where the cars come in, incorporating 10 Egyptian gods in blues and ochres. But when the present Sir John Sainsbury paid a surprise visit—at 8am, by all accounts—he called for their immediate removal: a very unfriendly act which prevented the Warwick Road Homebase from becoming the one Sainsbury store to have greeted customers with a smile.

Perhaps it is time for a move back to the local Spar, where groceries are groceries and not a way of life, and where good food can be bought without the pressure of heavy advertising by a mother-in-law's family used to leave their dining-room window open on those days when the local grocer delivered, so that no one need bother to stay in. Yet they thought not on about how wonderful he was; they just thought that was the way things were.

If only the same calm assumption held true of Sainsbury.





# FAMILY ALLOWANCES

Matthew Fort tries to cater for everybody in a Tuscan villa

I can take criticism as well as the next cook. The consumer's constructive comments are grist to my mill. "A touch too much sherry in the trifle" or "Has this leg of lamb actually seen the inside of the oven?" I can accept as useful contributions to culinary debate.

But when Hugh exclaimed for the third night on the trot "Yuck. What is this muck?" I knew it was time to throw in the *toque*. Someone else could cook for the children.

Let me put you in the picture. While you were paddling round in galoshes during Wimbledon fortnight, I, and 16 members of my immediate family, took ourselves to Tuscany for a spot of r & r. We rented two houses at San Giovanni a Cerreto, eight kilometres north-east of Siena.

I can recommend the spot. In spite of the odd day of what the Italian weathermen rather quaintly referred to as "*il tempo variabile*", it was pretty close to Paradise—rolling hills, cypress trees, woods and coppices, vineyards and olive groves, wild flowers and fireflies, and those handsome, squarish villas dropped hither and yon with the artless perfection of a 14th-century painting—I'm sure you know the kind of thing I'm talking about.

However, while exquisite landscape may feed the soul, it leaves the body a touch undernourished. Catering on any holiday tends to be fraught with snares and pitfalls. But when hoards of your nearest and dearest are gathered together, it is like trying to feed a zoo of unusually pernickety animals.

The most refined gourmet has

nothing on the delicate selectivity of the average child. Won't eat this. Shan't eat that. Can't eat the other. If given their way, they would have lived off a diet of *tostati* and honey, ice-cream and apricots. In the interests of a balanced diet we managed to vary these with hamburgers, fish-fingers and chicken pieces. Oh, and pasta.

I had started off as something of a tourist. I read somewhere that pasta is foreign to Tuscany. Beans, roasted meats and veg are the traditional staples of the Tuscan diet. There was no way that we were going to indulge in decadent,

The most refined gourmet has nothing on the selectivity of the average child

alien pasta. So of course we had pasta. When it comes down to it, there's something deeply pleasing about pasta, after all. I think it may have something to do with sex, but I'll let you work that out for yourselves. We're not talking about fresh pasta here, for which there is such a vogue in England. My brother Johnny, who lives in

Rome, maintains that—with the exception of fresh pasta made by his neighbour, Maria, on high days and holidays—*pasta asciutta*—the dry stuff you buy in packets is rather better on the whole. I tend to agree with him as long as you buy a reputable brand, such as the admirable Barilla.

The thing about pasta is that it comes in all sorts of intriguing shapes and sizes, it's straightforward to prepare, capable of infinite variety and there's hardly ever any wastage because there are plenty of things you can do with the leftovers. For example, I was able to come back from the humiliation of a disastrous risotto ("Did you make this with washing-up liquid?" inquired another brother diplomatically) with a gob-stopping *frittata di spaghetti*. This is a kind of spaghetti omelette which you make in a frying-pan, and you can find detailed instructions on how to make it in the *Classic Italian Cookbook* by Marcella Harzan, a book which should be on the shelf of every self-respecting cook. "Three cheers for Uncle Matt!" cried the little gastronomes, and that was the last triumph I enjoyed in their eyes.

Not that much of our food came out of a packet. I'm not that kind of cook. Osso bucco one night. *Cacciucco*, a Tuscan fish stew, the

# AN EVENING STAR

Kingsley Amis finds that dinner beats lunch at Garbo's

This Swedish restaurant is housed in shop-like premises west of Baker Street and just south of Marylebone Road. Although the décor is clean and bright enough it is not modishly or nattily done. I had been rather expecting a load of pseudo-Viking rubbish with longships and winged helmets, but the amount of that is negligible, and all that is distinctive is a couple of large spreads of drawings and photographs of the film actress Greta Garbo, a sufficiently famous Swede in her day (she made her first movie in 1924) but currently I should have thought about as well-remembered as Sarah Bernhardt. And yes, I bet a lot of you have never heard of her either.

The tables at Garbo's are rather close together, and the way to the loo is not as broad as it is at, say,



the Savoy. But everything is very prettily set out and presented and the service is charming. More than charming, actually—in their

miniskirts and spotless white jacket tops the waitresses were somewhere on the safe side of kinkiness, very good-looking and

healthy. If they eat at Garbo's they are an excellent advertisement for the place.

In spite of all this, the high-powered Swedish beer (Pripps Export) and brawny snaps or schnapps (Scandinavia's convincing answer to gin or vodka), I got thoroughly gloomy at the lunch session. The great glory of these north-European cuisines is the hors d'oeuvres or cold table, and though this is not available as such at Garbo's the menu promised the same kind of thing as seafood starters. So I ordered a couple and got some excellent tasty shrimps along with a mass of tasteless mussels, langoustine tails and pickled herring, all smothered in sour cream.

There was no joy in main courses either. Mine was actually a hot starter called Janson's Temptation. I have no knowledge of Janson, but he must have been a queer sort of fellow to be in the least tempted by a concoction of anchovies, potatoes, onions, rice and a lot more cream, all mixed up and baked with lashings of salt. Cream and salt is not much of an idea. Nor was the cream-and-





MARTYN GODDARD

next. Succulent rabbit braised in white wine, with wild fennel cut on the roadside by my trusty Swiss Army penknife succeeded salt cod (*baccalà*) baked with tomatoes, onions, and garlic below and chard

and parmesan on top, and provoked a chorus of approval. And a breast of veal with rosemary and garlic stimulated some most intelligent comments.

Now none of this may strike you

as being exceptional fare. I suppose in some respects it wasn't. There was nothing very sophisticated, nothing of high art or haute cuisine. Once or twice we ventured into baroque with zucchini flowers stuffed with mozzarella and anchovy fillets, dipped in batter and deep fried; with *crostini alla chiantigiana*, that is chicken livers cooked with this and that (diced carrot, onion and celery, tomato purée, white wine, anchovy fillets and capers), mashed up and spread on little pieces of fried bread; and with *funghi porcini* (boletus mushrooms of various kinds). But vegetables were little beans or courgettes or aubergines of various hues cooked pretty plainly, and puddings invariably consisted of cheese, fruit and delightful little ice-creams which resembled after-dinner chocolates. Basically, I didn't want to spend the whole time over a roaring stove.

But, by heavens, it was all full of flavour. It may have been the sun—when it shone. It may have been the rolling hills, cypresses, vineyards etc but, to judge by the way elderly matrons shouldered me aside in order to pick over the fruit and veg on the stalls of the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena, I suspect it had something to do with the fact that the Italians expect rather higher standards of their raw

materials than we do. Even in Co-op supermarkets where, bulk buying was done, produce was inspected with hawk-eyed attention, and contemptuously rejected if not found up to scratch.

As a consequence, we could afford to rationalise lunch to bread with olive oil (*extra vergine*, naturally), tomatoes, cheese, salami, salad and cherries or apricots or peaches or melons or nectarines. Even little Hugh felt he could manage most of that. Occasionally, this basic package was livened up with the odd exotic variation: smoked salmon and trout; *caponata*, a splendid Sicilian ratatouille (see Jane Grigson's *Vegetable Book*); a rabbit terrine (see *Simple French Food* by Richard Olney); grilled peppers in olive oil, that kind of thing.

The observant will have noticed that this idyll seems to have been devoid of alcohol, which may seem odd considering that San Giovanni a Cerreto is, more or less, the gateway to one of the world's great wine-producing regions. Indeed it was. Devoid, that is. Others made merry, but not I. It is all too painful to write about. Yuck, as Hugh would say ●

Matthew Fort is co-author of the Peter Fort column for the Financial Times

shrimp sauce—far too rich—that went with my guest's grilled sole Bernadotte, named presumably after the Swedish diplomat who was murdered by terrorists in Palestine in 1948. A rather ordinary fruit salad and a dish of tasteless bilberries and yet more cream rounded off the calamity, and even after quick stiffeners of cherry brandy it was a woebegone pair that trudged off on the longish search for a taxi.

All restaurants undergo a mysterious change sometime in the afternoon, between the midday and evening sessions, but none in my experience has ever changed as radically as Garbo's. After that cream-saturated lunch I had no hopes for dinner, except to be able to creep away from it at about nine o'clock with my eye on a cheese sandwich and a glass of malt whisky at home. The reality was a revelation. The clientèle was different: from scattered shoppers and local work-people to what it would not be altogether unfair to call a chattering cosmopolitan crowd. I hate that kind of thing when the meal is lousy, but quite like it if all goes well on the table.

And that evening it largely did.

The Swedish pea soup, while scoring high on the sheer quantity of peas present, fell otherwise into the so-so bracket. But my crab bisque was magnificent: thick, rich in the right way, made with great thoroughness and skill from a lot of genuine fresh crab, the equal of any I have come across in London or on my travels. I could have done with about 10 per cent less salt, but then I usually seem to need less than other people, so—full marks. Beef Rydberg was a pan-fried fillet rather short on gravy or sauce but served with delicious diced sauté potatoes and fried bread. My Beef Lindström was minced with onions, beetroot and capers, a sort of hamburger I suppose, or rather beefburger, but as much above the common run as, well, Jessye Norman is above the sort of capering slut who "sings" into a microphone shoved up against her tonsils. Anyway—first rate.

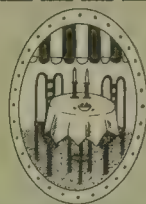
I drank a good sturdy Crozes-Hermitage with that, but would probably have done better to stick with the beer. The wine list starts with a house red and a house white at £5.45 and goes on with a couple

of pages of the obvious stuff very reasonably priced, which is right with this kind of food.

Willingness is not lacking at Garbo's. Enterprise perhaps is, the sort that sends people out looking round for pickled or marinated fish out of the barrel instead of

opening a tin or a jar. And they could make a start by getting in some less boring bread ●

Garbo's, 42 Crawford St, W1 (262 6582). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 6pm-midnight; Sat, Sun (6pm-midnight). About £25 for two, excluding wine.



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# WHO GETS MAYFAIR?

Offices or homes? Carrie Segrave investigates a controversy over leases

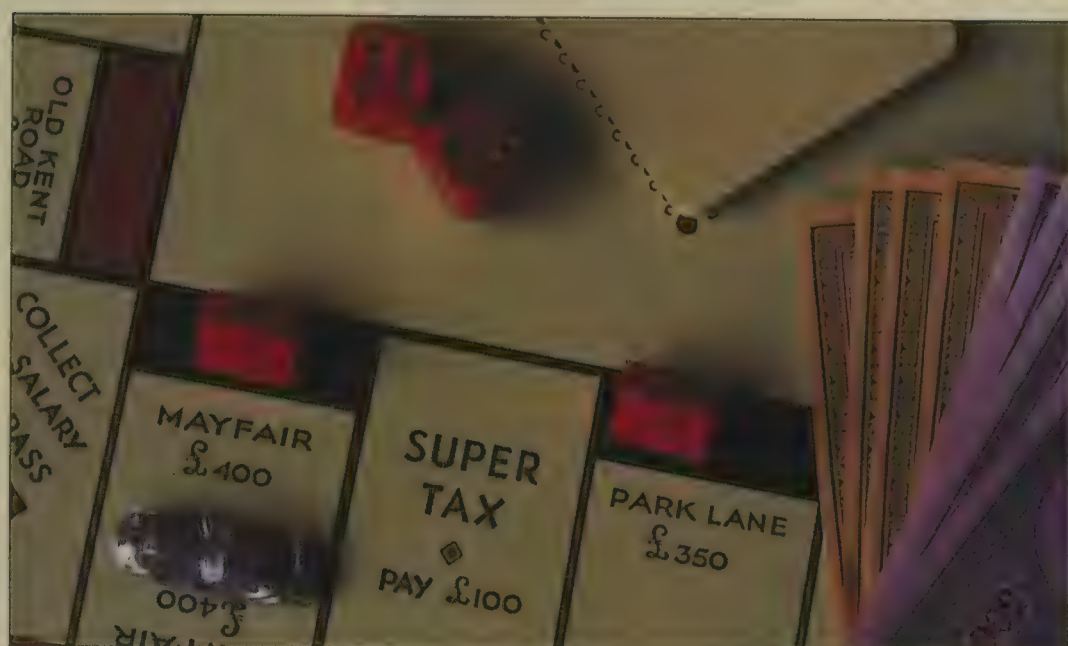
A wartime relic has suddenly disturbed the wealthy leaseholders of Mayfair. In 1990, planning permission for the use of more than 100 buildings as offices, granted after the devastation of the blitz is to be withdrawn and the buildings returned to domestic use.

Ironically, the businesses of Mayfair, that prize of the Monopoly board, woke up to the threat when the second largest property firm, MEPC, was the first to be affected by the ruling. In what is now regarded as a test case, it lost its appeal against Westminster City Council which has decided that its Park Lane headquarters, Brook House, should return to its former status as a block of flats.

Belatedly, many of the firms, who together hold over a million square feet of office space in Mayfair, are realising that there are no longer going to be reprieves and lease extensions. The council, urged by a vociferous residents' association, is determined that the age of gracious living should return to the area.

Mayfair still has the cachet it possessed when the Monopoly board was invented, but the truth is that this is an area almost totally devoted to business and many of the people who sleep here do so under the best hotel roofs in England. Today, only a third of the area is residential. That third is by no means silent. The Mayfair Residents' Association has led the battle for the return of the "lost homes" and with them a revival of community spirit. Westminster council, run by the Conservatives, who are perhaps mindful of their slim political majority, agree with them and argue that the sudden availability of homes will free the domestic market elsewhere.

What is interesting is the consequences for the firms evicted by this historical anomaly. There has never been any secret about the temporary nature of the business usage, but leaseholders, and indeed their landlords, may be forgiven for their pained surprise. Over the years, extensions to the original term have been granted. And by



JULIAN SIMMONS

the end of the 60s the council was convinced, as was the rest of the business world, that wholesale redevelopment was sooner or later inevitable for all London's old non-purpose-built offices, and for some time granted a number of buildings an extension of their temporary status for the remainder of their life.

Rachael Unsworth, of Cluttons, cites one building which has had five separate extensions granted over the years, while another has received refusals and permissions for various floors at various times. Brook House itself had permission denied in 1972 but then the council changed its mind in 1975 and extended permission until 1990.

No one foresaw the swing of fashion away from the open-plan, ultra-modern office back to the cosy old-fashioned rooms that admirably suit many of the smaller firms. Posh accountants and solicitors, with secretive and status-conscious clients, share a taste for listed Georgiana with would-be residents.

Even so, when surveyors Fuller Peiser carried out a survey of affected buildings in the autumn, they were surprised to find that as many as 40 per cent of firms had taken leases that run well past the

1990 cut-off. More alarming was that 11 per cent of those questioned had no idea that the office permission was temporary, still less that it ran out in three years. "It could produce," comments Alick Davidson of Fuller Peiser "some interesting estate management and legal problems." The position of displaced business tenants under the Landlord and Tenant Acts may be uncertain, particularly in terms of compensation—if any.

In other words, firms can find themselves not only searching for new premises but also trying to sell the tail-end of an unusable lease. Depending on the length, they could surrender it to the landlord or re-negotiate a longer one and try either to sell or go into domestic property development. To add to the confusion, Alick Davidson points out that the council has settled just 12 cases in a year: they have, he feels, left things far too late and will leave firms in a state of uncertainty.

Meanwhile, amid the confusion, large firms, like MEPC, and landlords, like the Grosvenor estate and the BP Pension Fund, question the whole exercise. "We ask what it will achieve," says James Tuckey, managing director of

MEPC, speaking from his Park Lane office. "The area will lose a large firm paying business rates, providing hundreds of jobs; and it is surely better to have the place used every day of the year, with those working here using local services, than to turn this great building into expensive holiday homes for wealthy foreigners."

Is it realistic to look forward to cheaper homes in Mayfair, as the Residents' Association suggests? It argues that prices have been pushed upwards by demand and that an increase in supply will bring prices down. It is possible that the economy of the Mayfair property market is not quite as simple as this. Prices in the area have, in fact, lagged behind other smart areas like Belgravia because of what can only be described as the "lack of residential feel" about Mayfair. Any improvement in the ambience will enhance the appeal and thus the demand will again flourish.

The power of the Residents' Association is undoubted and more home owners can only increase it. Westminster council doubtless remembers that the association's forerunner caused the original May Fair to be banned in the mid 18th century because it was too lewd and scandalous ●



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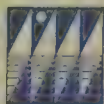
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# NEW ENGLAND ROOTS

Autumn leaves, clam chowder  
and unpretentious style keep IAIN FINLAYSON  
amused in Boston



The Prudential Tower dominates Boston's elegant Back Bay area, home of the liberal middle class

The Fourth of July, if you happen to be a Brit in Boston on that date, is a profoundly embarrassing anniversary. It felt like a nice day for a lynching as we were mustered like a gang of reprobates under the balcony of the State House. The Declaration of Independence was being read out in a ceremonial voice to a crowd of attentive New England patriots, the historic grievances declaimed a mite too vividly for perfect Brit composure. To hear the litany of complaint (much of it perfectly justified) was unnerving—yet another country, one felt, where the British are not much loved. Maybe, finally, we have been forgiven but, once a year at least, our sins are not forgotten.

My own thought, as a Scot, was that it would do no harm for English visitors to listen to the Declaration of Arbroath read out regularly from Parliament House in Edinburgh. And, since there is such a strong Celtic tradition in Boston and Massachusetts, for a moment I felt smug and right at home. But I feel at home in Boston anyway. It is my soul-city. I love it, I think, because it appears to combine a history of austere,

aristocratic, neo-Athenian intellectual grandeur with an underside of frankly opportunistic, blunt, bare-knuckled brio. It is a place that combines the gilt artifice and cynicism of Edinburgh with the pugnacious verve of Glasgow. Boston is a city of commerce and the arts, finance and philanthropy, high-tech industry and deeply-held traditions.

It is a sophisticated, prosperous, picturesque, glamorous city, less hard-edged (but more hard-headed) than New York and less laid-back than San Francisco. It easily embraces a diversity of ethnic communities—from the Italians in pretty North End where they celebrate come-one-come-all Saints' Days in the streets, to the blacks, the Vietnamese, the Chinese, and the Irish. The founding families of Boston are still ensconced in the elegant Georgian town houses of Beacon Hill, still fighting ruthless battles to preserve their cobbled streets and window panes of violet glass. The aspiring liberal middle class inhabit elegant apartments in Back Bay, which is buttressed by Brooks Brothers and Bendels for consumer security. The younger yup-

pies are discovering South End and a constant pounding of hammers sounds out the inexorable of gentrification.

The chic centre is Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market, a glamorous open-air market bursting with sportswear shops, restaurants, wine bars, flower shops and food stores. It is almost exactly the equivalent of—and was the inspiration for—London's Covent Garden development.

From Quincy, it is a short step to the waterfront where palatial new hotels, expensive condominiums and pedestrian precincts spring up like asparagus in May. Boston, increasingly, has all the hard, glittery elegance of the very rich. To its credit, beautiful 19th-century façades are often incorporated into the modern architecture that springs up around it.

Boston and New England are conscious of tradition and heritage to a degree perhaps not found elsewhere in the States. The general feeling is that New England symbolises Origins, and that it is the curator of a national heritage that should be preserved.

The hope is that there can be development without change. New

England is not like Florida or California—roots here go deep, and there are fewer incomers than in the south or the west.

New Englanders do insist upon their history and traditions and there are a couple of well-ordered tourist trails to follow: the Freedom Trail takes two or three hours to walk and includes such significant historical sites as the State House, and "Old Ironsides"—USS *Constitution*—constructed of oak and ceremonially sailed around the harbour on the Fourth of July. Less predictable is the Black Heritage Trail which identifies sites important in the progress of blacks towards full civil rights in Massachusetts.

Not all is old, quaint, or historical. Boston's most famous popular modern landmark is the frontage of the house on Beacon Street that appears on the opening credits for the Channel 4 comedy series *Cheers*. It is the building with the American flag and the *Cheers* banner either side of the entrance to a bar. Though it looks nothing like the bar on television (the filming is done in a studio in Burbank), it has been a major windfall for its owner who has become a millionaire.

The overall appearance of New England is neat and prosperous. Typical of its architecture is the trim, white-painted clapboard house that looks so Puritan-plain and unpretentious but, at the same time, immensely stylish. The little towns and villages surrounding Boston, rich in a 300-year history, are unashamedly picturesque. The old families mutter darkly about construction projects in the interior of Maine and New Hampshire which are becoming fashionable ski and summer sports resorts. Developers, hot on the scent of new areas to tempt the tourists, have built striking residential accommodation at Loon Lake for winter sports and are busy building up water sports on Lake Winnepesaukee. The roads are empty: driving is easy and facilities do not seem overcrowded, except at the height of fall.





Autumn colours surround Strafford church in Vermont. New England's foliage is at its best from mid September to mid October

Flying up to Portland, Maine, from Boston takes an hour. Portland itself is a pleasant little city for a couple of days, and I enjoyed the permanent exhibition of Winslow Homer paintings of New England life in the Portland Museum of Art which also displays major works by Andrew Wyeth.

Although New England aims to develop as a year-round vacation resort, its fame has always been its fall foliage. Around mid September the maples turn flaming crimson and contrast violently with the mass of summer greens. Gradually, towards the end of the month, and continuing until mid October, an extraordinary range of hues and tones develop, in shades of red, yellow, orange, brown and violet. Milton would be hard put to describe the variations of colour in the sere leaf as it decays.

Americans crowd into New England—from Connecticut to Maine—in their hundreds of thousands to drive or walk beneath the crimson and purple, burnt amber and yellows from palest primrose to deepest gold, or to stand on peaks and knolls to gaze across forest acres of vivid colour like an Impressionist canvas. Frequently, the tourist authorities are asked not only what time of month, but exactly what day, and particularly what time of that day, fall foliage may be observed at its peak of glory.

New Haven in Connecticut lays claim to being the birthplace of the hamburger, but Boston and the Eastern seaboard is the land of the bean and the scrod. Scrod? Fannie Farmer, the 19th-century Mrs Beeton of Boston, defines it as a young cod, but the modern

interpretation is whatever white fish happens to be available. It is generally broiled and served in every Boston restaurant. The best is the intimidatingly grand Locke-Ober and the frightening Durgin-Park in Faneuil Hall Marketplace where the waitresses behave like Margaret Thatcher imposing her will on the Cabinet.

Here you can find one of the best variations on the classic New England clam chowder which, unlike the Connecticut recipe, is mercifully free of tomato. With it, drink a good Californian Chablis or—not classical, but what the hell—Boston's own dark ale, Samuel Adams. A bit like Ruddie's with bite. And I mean *teeth*.

To prove Boston's civilisation, a final grace note. I wanted very

much to look at some manuscripts at Harvard's Houghton Library. Gaining admittance is, if you can believe it, like penetrating the Reading Room at the British Museum—difficult. Without accreditation, after a long and plaintive argument, I suddenly produced my PEN literary society membership card. Miraculously, all difficulty was removed. Forget American Express: PEN? That'll do nicely, sir! While scholars quietly cultivate their minds across the Charles River, Boston on the south bank noisily goes on making money and history ●

*British Airways flies daily to Boston with autumn APEX return fares from £416; club class £1,494 and first class £2,880. New England tourist information from Representation Plus, Herontye House, Stuart Way, East Grinstead, West Sussex (0342 316428).*

CLAIN FINLAYSON 1988



MASTERS OF THE ARTS 3

## THE HOUSE OF ISAACS

Fiery as ever, Jeremy Isaacs knows few doubts. But as the new general director of the Royal Opera House he faces challenging years ahead. BRIAN WENHAM reports

Choose your time of day with care and Covent Garden's internal Tannoy may bring you Plácido Domingo warming up for a splendid recital, or the cast of *Don Giovanni* running through a few familiar numbers. Contrast that with the world of television, even those rarefied pastures of Channel 4, where the Tannoy is more likely to offer you news of interest rates, or the ups and downs of the stock market index. Small wonder that Jeremy Isaacs, newly translated from Channel 4 to the Royal Opera House, says firmly: "I feel no withdrawal symptoms whatsoever."

The time-scales do remind him of his television days. At one moment you can be planning five years ahead, or even more; then "there's trouble on the day; the tenor can't sing; who can be found?" So Isaacs is clearly relieved to be "extremely well-served" by others who have been in the opera and ballet business longer. In television Isaacs had a reputation for detailed concern across the board, right up to the moment of transmission—not, in a word, much of a delegator. Isaacs at the Opera House is happier to rely on others: "After all, here I know less."

No special modesty is called for, however. Isaacs's love of opera, in particular, goes deep. In his Glaswegian schooldays he would make his way cross-country to hear the Glyndebourne opera perform in Edinburgh. Enthusiasm and knowledge have built up steadily since then. When asked recently to come forward for *Desert Island*



*Discs*, Isaacs chose seven opera selections out of his personal eight, ranging from Mozart and Beethoven through to Strauss and Janáček. No Wagner, though. Something had to give.

Isaacs has also served as a member of the Covent Garden

board since 1985, so it was as no stranger that he stepped smartly forward this summer to begin to stamp his firm and forthright personality on the House, fronting up the press conferences for both opera and ballet, and for both disciplines offering what amounts

to a 10-point plan. (He seems to like doing things in tens.) What emerges is a great catholicism, both in what is produced and in where it comes from. So, on the opera side, Covent Garden will open its doors to a Glyndebourne production of *Albert Herring* and



to a *Butterfly* from Scottish Opera, both remounted for the London performances. The Welsh National Opera's production of *Falstaff*, under the aegis of Peter Stein whose recent *Otello* was stunning, will also get three airings in London at the end of October.

Isaacs believes that he should offer space to good productions that otherwise might not be seen in London. The Hungarian State Opera and Ballet and the Komische Opera from East Berlin are also on next year's bill, and Isaacs has his eye for 1990 on

Berlioz's *Troians*, in a production that originally involved the combined forces of the Scots, the Welsh and Opera North.

These outward embraces allow more time to be given to the preparation of the Garden's own new productions. Isaacs is aware, as

was John Tooley before him, that he has less rehearsal time and less space in which to rehearse than do rivals in the United States or on the Continent. Finding more requires constant juggling. Nevertheless the re-vamping of the Covent Garden repertory, much of which has been showing signs of both set and singer fatigue, is well-advanced. A new production of Wagner's *Ring*, from the Russian director Yuri Lyubimov, makes a start this autumn with *Das Rheingold*; the Italian, Piero Faggioni, is re-doing the Italian repertory, beginning with *Il trovatore*; and Johannes Schaaß from West Germany is working through the Mozart-Da Ponte pieces.

A similar heave seems to be affecting the ballet too. Publicity and rows and gossip all seem to focus much more on opera. It

Isaacs is  
no stranger to  
rows and seems  
to enjoy  
a good one

comes therefore as something of a surprise to realise that the Royal Ballet and Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet between them perform more than 300 times a year, more than double the number of performances given by the Royal Opera. New ballet work this year will include a piece from David Bintley, *The Trial of Prometheus*, with a score by Geoffrey Burgon, who composed the music for television's *Brideshead Revisited* and for *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*; Kenneth MacMillan, the Royal Ballet's principal choreographer, has a full-length new ballet, set to Britten's music—*The Prince of the Pagodas*, planned for May, 1989; the original John Cranko version was last seen in London in 1960. There is much excitement that MacMillan has chosen to cast the lead, Belle Rose, from the ranks of Sadler's Wells. The role will be taken by Darcée Bussell, who has been out of ballet school for only a year.



Isaacs is looking towards more home-grown talent in opera too. He would like to get back to a company of around 20 committed soloists, in whose careers the house takes a long-term interest. The principle would seem to be: "We help your career to unfold, you help us by being available." Dame Joan Sutherland, chatting to Isaacs after a recent performance of *Anna Bolena*, said how much she had benefited from six years with the company, before her international breakthrough with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But getting singers to commit themselves is horrendously difficult. The international pressures are intense. Isaacs estimates that more than 100 opera seasons are given in the United States in one year alone. All of them want the best, or—when they cannot get the best—the freshest, and they will pay handsomely for it. Then, the well-subsidised houses of Europe are another magnet all keen to be special. Isaacs is already looking nervously ahead to Barcelona's plans for 1992, where it is intended to celebrate the discovery of the New World, and celebrate it big.

**B**uilding your own core company, from which you may hope one day to cast entire productions, does not mean—in Isaacs's view—that you turn your back on the great singers. "We shall continue to invite the greatest singers in the world to come to Covent Garden," he said, adding, "our public expects it, and there is nowhere else in London that they can be heard." Even so, excessive reliance on international stars is fraught with trickiness. Sometimes they do not turn up and often when they do their available time is too short to permit full integration into a production. This is where Isaacs seems prepared to dig his feet in. "The marriage of music and drama" is what makes a visit to the Opera House worthwhile. Otherwise you could stay at home and listen to good singers on record.

Isaacs rightly emphasises the rounded achievement: the conductor—and he is fortunate in having Bernard Haitink as music director—maintaining musical excellence from the pit, the producers fashioning arresting, but not necessarily expensive, developments on stage, and the singers with enough space to rise to the occasion. This is, of course, the formula that has brought such credit to the English National Opera over recent years. Isaacs is open in his praise for the achieve-



Operatic duet: Jeremy Isaacs with his wife, Gillian Widdicombe

ments at the Coliseum, but notes that his task is different. The Royal Opera is international, both in what it does and how it does it. He will search for his own excellence within this wider arena.

And wider audiences? When Isaacs married the opera critic Gillian Widdicombe in the spring, Sir Denis Forman—charged with the formal address—noted that Isaacs was swimming strongly against the populist tide, moving from the least watched television channel, Channel 4, to the even smaller theatre of the Opera House. Yet, as Isaacs knows, the screen can come to the aid of the opera and of the ballet. Covent Garden has experimented twice with outside relays into the Piazza, nearby. Last time, with a Domingo concert, the rain-gods smiled and allowed the throng a dry and enthusiastic evening.

Television proper, of course, spreads the message even further. When BBC2 screened the Bayreuth recording of the Chéreau *Ring* a few years back, we calculated that the television audience of around one million exceeded the total number of Britons who could have seen a live performance at any time in the 100 years since *The Ring* was completed. This is a powerful ambassadorial extension and, given that a good slice of the Opera House's income comes through an Arts Council grant, a right and proper way to give some return, especially to those who cannot get access to a live performance.

Isaacs has already made it clear that he wants flexible union arrangements that cut down the cost of television relay. It will be a

battle, but a battle that needs to be won. If re-negotiations come a cropper, Isaacs is of the view that the Arts Council may intervene and make reasonable access for broadcasters a condition of grant.

Isaacs, 56 this month, is no stranger to rows and seems to enjoy a good one. A scan of his television career reveals a fair

He knows  
his own mind and  
likes to press  
ahead with  
as few distractions  
as possible

number of hot-spots: in and out of *Panorama* in something like record time; in and out of Thames Television when the management took a disagreeable turn; and, in the ultimate, beckoned by governors towards the top job at the BBC, only to be told by those with scarcely a 10th of his talent that he looked like someone who "wouldn't take kindly to discipline". What is true is that he knows his own mind and likes to press ahead with as few distractions as possible. At the Opera House he faces what others might find a major distraction, closure for three years for redevelopment, but seems to warm to it as a special challenge. There is the constant rumbling row with the local

Covent Garden Community Association, who object to the office block that will feature in the new Opera House complex and help to fund the development. However, it seems as of September, 1988, the Opera House will get the better of the argument, although appeals are continuing to trundle to and fro.

**M**ore interesting to opera and ballet fans is what may happen to the companies between July 1993 and September 1996, the likely period of closure. Isaacs intends to play it long. The companies could tour the world, could tour the UK, could take over a London theatre or two, could take a bite out of the Albert Hall, or could even, Isaacs says, have a holiday, using the time to enable them to return in 1996 with a raft of spanking new work. Somehow you are left with the impression that a holiday is the least likely option, although all other courses will require careful planning and funding.

Much of what is produced in the run-up to 1993 had been decided on in its essentials before Isaacs took over. That is the nature of the opera business in particular—long, long lead-times. But after 1996 the programme will be truly that of the new regime, which will have to point the house towards the coming century.

There are those who expect Isaacs to have moved on by then, possibly back to television. His absence is already keenly felt and as he moves from town to town, country to country, collecting honorary degrees and social mentions by the bucketful, he cannot fail to notice that he would be welcomed back aboard with a Churchillian sense of relief and excitement. But he shows no signs of thinking that way. He did his 30 years before the TV mast and that is enough for one lifetime.

Although he emphasises, correctly, that with a five-year contract at the Opera House he could be dumped in 1993 if all is not going well, the probability is that, having made Covent Garden his new home, and his new allegiance, he will not readily move aside at a moment of high transition. The appropriate military reminder comes from a more recent episode in British history. As the time for the great highjinks of 1993-96 approaches, Isaacs is likely to move into overdrive: he will want to be able to say, with the Falklands reporter, that he "counted them all out, and then counted them all back in again" ●

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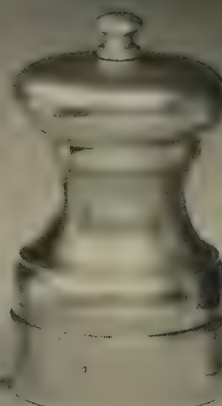
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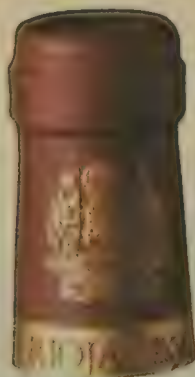
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# IN THE HANDS OF COMRADE STALIN

**Children of the Arbat**  
by Anatoli Rybakov  
Century Hutchinson, £12.95

There is an old quarter of Moscow called "the Arbat", a corruption of the German word *Arbeit*. In the 17th century, foreign artisans congregated there, making western goods to earn a living. Until recent times it had the flavour of Bohemia and it still stands out among the regimented tower blocks and vast boulevards of Moscow. *Children of the Arbat* is set in the late 1920s and early 1930s and is a sort of composite biography of the young men and women living in a single tenement in the quarter.

This is the period stretching from collectivisation of agriculture



Children in Moscow, 1931, celebrating the opening of a bus construction plant



Rybakov: in London this month

in 1929 through mass-famine, hectic industrialisation and the growth of Stalin's personal power to the beginning of the Great Terror when millions of Soviet citizens—we still do not know how many—were put to death or imprisoned for decades. *Children of the Arbat* is a "hot" subject in the Soviet Union and its publication—over two decades after being written—constitutes a landmark for Gorbachev's time just as Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* and *Gulag Archipelago* did for Khrushchev's own reform era. It has become a considerable seller in the Soviet Union and has been translated into western languages:

in our own case, outstandingly well translated by Harry Shukman. It is a long book, on occasion including *longueurs* of the sort you allow yourself if you are writing strictly for your own bottom drawer, out of fear of the censors. But it is a gripping book which deserves to do well here; Richard Cohen of Century Hutchinson clearly expects it to do so, having paid \$300,000 for it.

The "children" in the title are all on the move, as you would expect for the era. The Revolution, to some extent anticipated even in Tsarist times, "mobilised" people from their old ways. The young hero, Sasha who ends up in Siberian exile, (excellently described), is the nephew of a prominent engineer, responsible for an important part of the industrial plan. The book is semi-autobiographical. Rybakov, who was born in Chernigov in 1911, lived in the Arbat and was himself sentenced to three years in Siberia on a charge of "assisting" counter-revolutionary activity. He was

A "hot" subject in the  
Soviet Union ...  
a landmark for  
Gorbachev's time

released in November, 1935, but prohibited from living in a city and spent the years 1936-41 wandering Russia—working as a truck driver and ballroom dance instructor among other occupations—before being conscripted.

In the early 30s Stalin's terror-machine was growing and we witness him developing into virtually an absolute ruler. Party institutions were taken over by informers, time-servers and the secret police—a process which Rybakov describes in detail, both at ground-level where it affects the hero and causes him to be exiled to Siberia, and at Kremlin level; we are given pages of description of

the intrigues at the top of the Soviet system. Stalin's personality, his fear of the intelligent and his nurturing of the mediocre, emerges with particular force, though it is not as bitingly well-drawn as in *Cancer Ward*. By 1934, Stalin, having destroyed the old peasantry and dragooned the new working class, set about asserting absolute control of the Party itself: this meant eliminating possible rivals, including men whom he had promoted himself, such as Kirov, the boss of Leningrad. Kirov is for much of the novel portrayed as an antidote to Stalin's increasingly irrational accusations; he was murdered in 1934, apparently on Stalin's orders, and this began a process that eventually removed two-thirds of the prominent old Bolsheviks and half of the officer-corps.

Today, only novelists can explain the high politics of all this. Historians have no access to the archives—if they still exist. Not long ago there was a scandal in Moscow about the number of files



of purge trials which were burned in the courtyards of the Ministry of Justice in Moscow. Robert Conquest's *Great Terror*, almost as old as Rybakov's book, collected as much information as we are likely to have until *glasnost* goes much further, but Rybakov's reconstruction of the prelude to the Purges strikes me as reliable.

His descriptions of his hero's exile in Siberia, of the way he is denounced by "friends", and his mother's efforts to help him are vivid and chilling stemming largely from personal experience.

—NORMAN STONE

*Children of the Arbat* is published on August 25.

## NON-FICTION

### The Sixth Great Power,

Barings 1762-1929

by Philip Ziegler

Collins, £17.50

In 1819, as a result of underwriting a vast French loan, Barings made, in the words of one of the partners, "the enormous and unprecedented profit of £720,000". The Duc de Richelieu, Louis XVIII's prime minister, is supposed to have said: "There are six great powers in Europe; England, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia and Baring Brothers." Philip Ziegler concedes that this much-quoted aphorism has never been convincingly attributed. But whether Richelieu or someone else made the remark it was fully justified in the years after Waterloo. Their influence was immense, their profits great and their standing higher than any other banking house including the English Rothschilds, with whom they were on very bad terms largely because of rivalry for the French loan. The Rothschilds may later have become even richer but they never achieved the social and political prestige of the Barings with an earldom and four baronies—Cromer, Ashburton, Northbrook, Revelstoke and Howick—not to mention an extinct Northbrook earldom. In contrast the Rothschilds achieved only a single barony, but they could no doubt claim that their religion was against them.

Philip Ziegler's opening sentence is simple and arresting: "The Barings were not Jews." It is worth saying because popular mythology has often credited them with semitic origins. In fact they were Lutherans from North Germany. The known forebears of the first English Baring were two Lutheran

pastors, a civil servant in Bremen and a professor of theology who married the daughter of one of Bremen's leading wool merchants. It was only after he died young that the connection with the professions ended. His posthumous son, brought up by his in-laws, was apprenticed in 1717 to the English firm in Exeter with whom they did business. He became naturalised six years later and did so well that by the time of his death in 1748 he, the Bishop and the Recorder were the only people to keep their own carriages in Exeter.

His third son, Francis (later Sir), who was a man of great ability, moved out of wool into merchant banking, acting as a middle man during the vast expansion of international trade in the last quarter of the 18th century. It was an occupation which required iron nerves and a high degree of intelligence. From international trade the Barings soon diversified into international finance, the underwriting of loans to foreign countries. They were helped by their long association with Hope and Co, a Dutch family of Scottish origin tenuously connected with the Earls of Hopetown, and one of the most powerful firms in Europe. A junior employee, Peter Labouchère, asked for a partnership and

## The Rothschilds never achieved the social prestige of the Barings

was refused. "Would it be different if I were Sir Francis Baring's son-in-law?" "Yes." "Well, I am going to be." He then called on Sir Francis and asked for the hand of his daughter. Sir Francis refused. "Would it be different if I were a partner in Hope and Co?" "Yes." "Well, I am going to be." This display of enlightened initiative brought him both wife and wealth.

The French loan marked a high point in the Baring fortunes. The family, like so many which had made good, sought to be assimilated into the aristocracy. This was none too easy for those "in trade" until much later. When the present Lord Carrington's banker ancestor was introduced into the House of Lords in 1797 he was hissed. The Barings persevered, entered Parliament, received titles and married into the old nobility.

But despite much financial

success they did not perhaps keep their eyes on the financial ball as closely as they should have. The triumph of 1819 was followed by a slow decline. Within a few years the Rothschilds had unquestionably supplanted them as the sixth great power. Then 70 years later, in 1890, Barings almost collapsed. The root trouble was Edward ("Ned") Baring, the arrogant first Lord Revelstoke, though it was his younger brother, the future Earl of Cromer, who earned the nickname "Over-Baring".

Ned fatally lacked judgment of men and money. Underwriting an enormous loan to the Buenos Aires Water Supply and Drainage Company, the firm lacked the means to pay the second instalment. Rumours of disaster were rife but not all members of the family were in the know. When Lord Northbrook, owner of Stratton Park, took his cousin and guest aside to whisper that the house was in trouble, Lord Ashburton, aware of the defects of his host's home, said: "Ah, that damned roof leaking again!"

The Governor of the Bank of England came to the rescue. If Barings failed there would be a ninepin effect on innumerable financial institutions. The credit of the City was at stake. He assembled a consortium to guarantee the firm. Even Rothschilds felt obliged to ante-up, if only from self-interest. The operation worked. The guarantors were not called upon for a single penny. The old Barings went into liquidation and, as it was an unlimited liability company, the individual partners were largely ruined. But a new firm arose from the ashes of the old and Barings has sailed on ever since. Philip Ziegler has told the story with clarity, scholarship and wit.

—ROBERT BLAKE

## FICTION

### The Assignment

by Friedrich Dürrenmatt

Translated by Joel Agee

Cape, £9.95

### Glasshouses

by Penelope Farmer

Gollancz, £11.95

Dürrenmatt's reputation as a dramatist rests on the success of nihilistic thrillers with ambiguous messages like *The Visit* and *The Physicists*. It is man's fear of meaninglessness rather than mere ambiguity, manifesting itself in an obsessive need to observe and be observed, that constitutes the

theme of *The Assignment*. Its bizarre plot concerns the request of the psychiatrist, Otto von Lambert, that F, a film maker, should investigate the murder of his wife Tina in an un-named Arab country. Otto himself feels guilty of the crime, having treated Tina as a case rather than a person. Reading Otto's notes on her, and Tina's journal which portrays him as a monster, F becomes aware of two people observing each other.

Dürrenmatt builds a lurid and fantastic picture of a world equipped with ever more sophisticated technology ensuring that, while we can observe anything we want, somebody else will be observing us as we do so. Setting out to reconstruct the supposed killing of Tina at the ruins of Al-Hakim, F is caught up in the country's revolutionary politics. She encounters the photographer Polypheme, who leads her to a vast, underground international observation centre for missile inspection. There are alarming confusions of identity, horribly violent deaths and weirdly satirical effects as the superpowers keep a local war going so that they can observe their weapons being tested. But what Dürrenmatt has produced is a chilling study of the contagion of fear.

Penelope Farmer's *Glasshouses* is a novel in which the principal characters seem at first to be defined by the craft in which they are engaged. Grace, a talented glassblower and daughter of a domineering Somerset farmer, escapes from the imprisoning atmosphere of home and a subsequently unsuccessful marriage to establish her own glasshouse in Derbyshire. She is accompanied by her young apprentice, Terry. When her former husband Jas reappears, a *ménage à trois* seems to be in the making: what in fact emerges is a temporary alliance of Grace and Jas against Terry who is mocked unmercifully by the latter for his youthfulness.

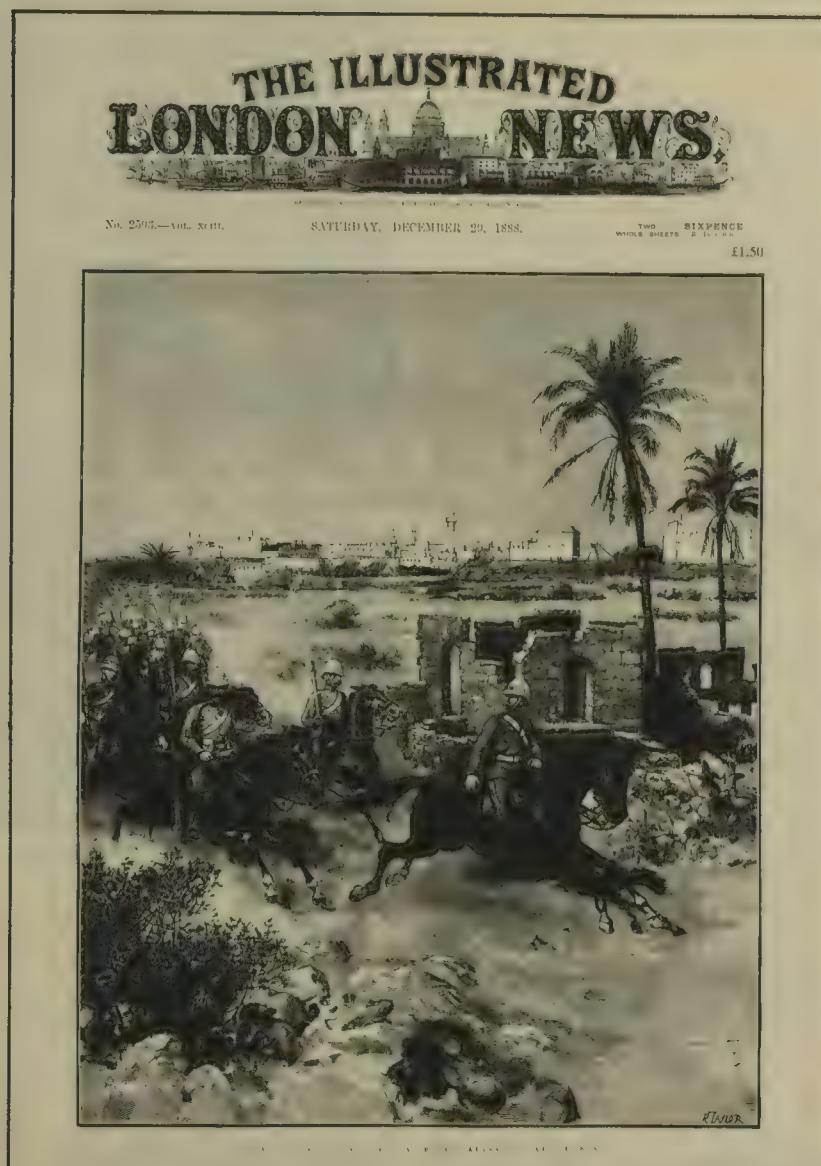
What fuels their antipathy towards the yobbish Terry is the Strindbergian association of sex and class, leading to a violent climax with Terry's death. With Jas in prison for manslaughter, Grace achieves the freedom she has evidently been seeking. With perhaps some straining of the bounds of symbolism, Penelope Farmer suggests that elemental forces are at work in bringing about this conclusion, as the glass itself which obsesses her characters is wrought from earth by fire, blown by air and cooled by water.

—IAN STEWART



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# MOORE'S THE PIT

## EXHIBITIONS

By John McEwen

Art exhibitions in major galleries have to be fixed years ahead, so it is no surprise to find that the Royal Academy's latest extravaganza was planned in Henry Moore's lifetime to celebrate his 90th birthday. But Moore died in 1986 so it has had to serve as a memorial. Now a memorial show is as different from a retrospective as a wake is from a birthday party. In a memorial we overlook shortcomings, only the best will do. By contrast, in a retrospective exhibition anything goes, because, above all, the artist wishes to impress upon the public that he is still alive and the best is yet to come. At the Royal Academy we have a retrospective exhibition of Moore's work which is padded out with inferiorities, not least those of his last years.

It is hard to see the point of this. The last comparable survey was in 1978, and for the remaining years of his life Moore suffered increasing ill-health to the detriment of his work. This enfeebled output is allotted its fair proportion at the Academy, yet it adds nothing to what we know but paths. Nor does there seem to have been any subsequent critical shift to warrant an academic, as opposed to an aesthetic, appraisal. Surely we are still too involved in the myth of Moore to separate fairly the cream of the work from the milk of the man. The myth, after all, is quite something. For the last 40 years of his life he enjoyed the advantage and disadvantage of being a sacred cow, first of the English art establishment, then of the state.

Having received considerable professional abuse in the first half of his career for being too "modern", not least from the Academy, Moore lived to suffer the insult in 1967 of a letter to *The Times* in which 41 younger artists (including his two most famous former assistants, Anthony Caro and Philip King) objected to his

"old fashioned" elitism in making a gift to the Tate of 30 of his most important sculptures: "Whoever is picked out for this exceptional place will necessarily seem to represent the triumph of modern art in our society. The radical nature of art in the 20th century is inconsistent with the notion of an heroic and monumental role for the artist..."

To balance this rebuff it is well to remember the supportive words of his early friend and mentor, the sculptor Jacob Epstein: "Before these works I ponder in silence... if sculpture is truly 'the relation of masses', here is the example for all to see." This was said apropos an exhibition in 1931, and it is still the pre-war work which most consistently proves ponderable.

After the Second World War, Moore's fame increased inexorably and the size of his sculpture followed suit. "Sculptural energy is the mountain", a phrase of the sculptor Gaudier which had energised Moore's thinking in youth, seemed to come home to roost. The sense of inner form, a form revealed in the stone or, best of all with Moore, in the wood as undeniably as the bone within the flesh, is often lost to grandiloquence. What can be understood in the best of the reclining figures as a metaphor of landscape, in the worst becomes its illustration; a weakness underlined by the imaginative paucity of many of the later drawings.

And yet in his later work, by laying bare the bones (often all too literally) of his romantic attachment to landscape, shows how essential to him landscape and natural forms had always been: an attachment which at his most humane Moore was able to humanise and abstract. This is why Moore's sculpture is best seen out-of-doors, and best of all in a wide and wild terrain as at Glenkiln, where his friend Sir William Keswick has placed a number of pieces—including the famous *King and Queen*—on the hills of Dumfriesshire. (The *Titus's King and Queen* will be on view at the R.A.) Glenkiln is Moore's finest memorial. In that ideal and romantic setting—his own favourite



Out in the open where it can be truly appreciated: Henry Moore's *King and*

location, though not mentioned in the catalogue to the show—he is revealed as a romantic artist in the purest English, nature-loving grain. This places him to one side of the mainstream of 20th-century art, the visual revolution pioneered by Picasso and the rest, with which he had only insular connection, but it still marks a transcendent achievement.

## THEATRE

### BLOOD AND GUTS FROM THE RSC

By Alex Renton

The old joke about *Titus Andronicus* claims it to be "the worst thing Marlowe ever wrote". While most academics agree that Shakespeare did have a hand in the writing of this

blood-drenched epic, they are also cruelly dismissive of it. Few people will arrive in the Barbican's Pit with any more than expectation of gore in store and a vague recollection of somebody's sons being baked in a pie. But Deborah Warner's miraculous production is much more than the dusting down of a curiosity or an apology for what is undeniably the Elizabethan equivalent of a video nasty.

It was Peter Brook's Stratford production in 1955 that, with the aid of St John Ambulance staff to deal with an overcome audience, started *Titus's* rehabilitation from the status of sick joke. Warner's production provoked no swoons on press night, but there was the intriguing spectacle of hardened critics stumbling ash-en-faced for double brandies at the interval.

In the first breathless 40 minutes we witnessed *Titus's* beloved daughter, Lavinia, experience the murder of her husband, her own rape, and the removal of her hands and her tongue. Without pause we went into *Titus's* meeting Lavinia, the fruitless sacrifice of one of his own hands to try and secure the freedom of two of his 25 sons, and

the subsequent delivery to him of their severed heads. Several people cried, but none giggled until *Titus* cracked one of the most awful jokes ever staged: Lavinia could not kill herself—"lay hands upon her life!"—for she had no hands. We laughed. It was too horrible not to. But while these scenes had something of the fascination of marathon dancing, it was the technical virtuosity that sustained our attention, the precision of actors and director which kept

the tension high and steady. Reviews of the 1955 production were mixed, except for Olivier as *Titus*, making the old rogue into a monument of misery, a proto-Lean. The endless killings proved too much for Kenneth Tynan: "A series of operations which only a surgeon could describe as a memorable evening in the theatre." Tynan prescribed severe pruning to the text. Brook did cut 650 lines, but Warner, we are told, plays every word. This is as brave as it is pigheaded and there are scenes, if not murders, that we could do without; but despite being excessively brutal, the play does work.

Under Warner one can see this *Titus* as a tragedy of tragedies. It works because of three fabulous performances among an iffy cast: there is Brian Cox's great, wounded bull of a *Titus*, Sonia Ritter's heart-rending Lavinia and Donald Sumpter as Marcus, *Titus's* brother, a dry politician who represents sanity amid the carnage. There are few actors in London this year to match these three, and Cox's performance is historic. There is a key line that Brook did not dare use: Cox makes it work in all its awfulity. *Titus* reaches the climax of his revenge when Tamora, at his table, wonders where her last two sons have got to. "Why, there they are both, baked in this pie." There are few directors, or even actors, who could provoke with this line anything more than a nauseated giggle. We nearly cried.



No blood spared: Sonia Ritter and Brian Cox in *Titus Andronicus*

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## BACKSTAGE

### ZAP ON THE SOUTH BANK

By Chris Riley

Self-styled vagabond king and art gangster, Ian Smith, comes to the Purcell Room this month. A co-founder of the Zap Club, the trendy arts venue under Brighton's sea-front arches, he has devised a multi-media show, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, based on Edgar Allan Poe's story, to play as part of the South Bank's Summersock Festival.

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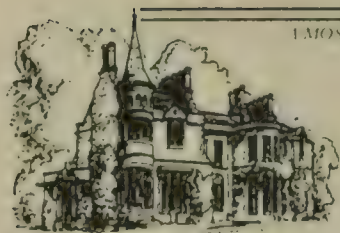
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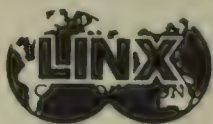
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## Reviews

Zap philosophy is to promote events that cannot be easily pigeon-holed into artistic categories. Always offering the new, from early days the Zap's emphasis on accessible work found it a ready audience. The organisation has grown to include 10 administrative staff and a hard-core of about 30 others.

*The Tell-Tale Heart* represents the last major outing of a summer season which has seen the Zap at most of the country's festivals. Smith, whose work has ranged from music through stand-up comedy to performance art, was asked to contribute to Summer-scope. "We were originally invited to do a season of mixed work involving different disciplines," he says. "But we were more interested in experimentation, so we've got it all on the same bill."

What they are offering is a series of interpretations of Poe's story by a range of performers and artists, including novelist Kathy Acker and dancer Liz Aggiss, held



**Ian Smith, vagabond king of Brighton's Zap Club**

together by compère Smith. "It's such a simple tale that we thought people would be able to bring a style of their own to it. And we're lucky to have got people who don't usually work in collaboration—Kathy Acker doesn't normally write stories to order." Others making up the bill include Peter Sinclair and his mechanical musical instruments, and the madcap Grand Theatre of Lemmings.

Smith is satisfied with the way the Zap has established itself. It has come to represent performance initiative and he has already started to look further afield for places to spread the Zap message. "I've just come back from the first International Performance Art Festival in New York and I hope we'll be invited back to do something next year." The vagabond king let loose on New York is an enticing prospect ●

## CINEMA

### MENGES ON SOUTH AFRICA

By George Perry

One of the two British films that made a strong impression at this year's Cannes Film Festival is at last appearing on native screens.

The long-awaited *A World Apart* is directed by Chris Menges, one of the most distinguished cinematographers in the world, and it would be reasonable to expect that his first feature would look impeccable. Set in South Africa, but, like *Cry Freedom*, shot in Zimbabwe, it has a visual authenticity that at times makes it seem like a documentary filmed in 1963. It is based on the ordeal of Ruth First, a white woman jailed in the early stages of the 90-days law for being associated with the anti-apartheid movement. The screenplay is by her daughter, Shawn Slovo, then a 13-year-old, and it is through the eyes of an adolescent that the sad story is told. Mother and daughter, played by Barbara Hershey and Jodhi May, undergo intense psychological harassment, the woman from a police interrogator (David Suchet), the girl from her schoolfriends who regard her as a public enemy. Each delivers a performance of great conviction and compassion: they shared the Best Actress award at Cannes.

*A World Apart* is an emotive film and is open to the accusation that it ignores the communist activism of its protagonist. But such political niggling scarcely alters the repugnance of South Africa's race laws, and the integrity of Menges's work should further open the world's eyes to such inhumanity.

From America, the second episode of Neil Simon's autobiographical trilogy, all of which have played on the Broadway stage, is now on screen. In *Biloxi Blues*, set in 1945, Matthew Broderick is an introverted and aspiring Jewish writer, sent from New York with a mixed bag of other drafted recruits to a vast basic-training barracks in the depths of Mississippi. The film, directed by Mike Nichols, admirably captures the army's unique manner of homogenising young-





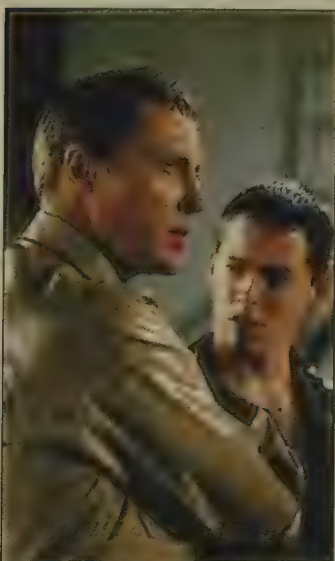
Fighting apartheid: Barbara Hershey and Jodhi May in Chris Menges's *A World Apart*, set in South Africa

men from widely different backgrounds. The platoon sergeant, a battle-scarred old soldier played by Christopher Walken, is more bizarre than the customary screen martinet. The dialogue crackles with Simon's witty lines, but the end result is biased more towards Abbott and Costello's *Buck Privates*, a glimpse of which is seen, than *Full Metal Jacket*, particularly as by the time training is completed the war is over and the young GIs are never called upon to prove themselves.

**Switching Channels**, directed by Ted Kotcheff, is an attempt to translate the sublime Hecht-McArthur play *The Front Page*, about hard-nosed Chicago newspapermen in the 20s, to a modern

cable-news network. Burt Reynolds swans unconvincingly through the editor's part, with Kathleen Turner uneasy as his ex-wife and ace reporter who wants to leave and marry. Christopher Reeve is the most ill-served by the script, depicted as a wimpish fiancé with a fear of heights. The comic effect of the piece, filmed three times before (most effectively by Howard Hawks in 1940 with Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell), depends on its period setting. The original play was exaggerated and nostalgic but worked on account of its sheer gusto and cynicism. This feeble updating has managed to lose both qualities ●

George Perry is also *Films Editor* of *The Sunday Times*.



Christopher Walken and Matthew Broderick star in *Biloxi Blues*

## CLASSICAL RECORDS

### HIGH DAYS WITH MOZART

By Hugh Canning

**I**n 1934, after the first Glyndebourne festival, Fred Gaisberg took His Master's Voice's recording equipment to John Christie's opera house to record the concerted numbers of *Le nozze*

*di Figaro* under the festival's first music director, Fritz Busch.

The records marked the beginning of what was to become the Glyndebourne Mozart style. *Così fan tutte* and *Don Giovanni* followed in succeeding years.

Now HMVs parent company, EMI, has returned to Glyndebourne—or rather the company has come to EMI's London Studios—to record anew Mozart's three great Italian comedies with the outgoing music director, Bernard Haitink. Neither of the previous recordings in the series, *Don Giovanni* and *Così*, preserves Glyndebourne casts intact and the same is true of the new *Figaro* (EMI 7 49753-2, 3 CDs) which mixes and matches singers from recent revivals of the Peter Hall production, which started life as long ago as 1973 under a different conductor and with Kiri te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas and Frederica von Stade.

Today's Felicity Lott (Countess), Gianna Rolandi (Susanna) and Faith Esham (Cherubino) may not be stars of comparable stature but, with Claudio Desderi's dark and authentically Italian *Figaro* and Richard Stilwell's imposing Count, they make a spirited team under Haitink's rather serious handling of the score. There are starrier performances on record but few which capture the spirit of a community embroiled in Beaumarchais's *folle journée* so perfectly. The recording also marks the end of a tradition at Glyndebourne—next year's new production will have Simon Rattle

conducting a band of period instruments, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.

This brilliant new ensemble's recording of Weber's *Clarinet Concerto* on Virgin Classics (Veritas label VC 790720-2, CD) is outstanding for Anthony Pay's deliciously spirited playing. Pay has already recorded the Mozart *Clarinet Concerto*, for Decca, with the Academy of Ancient Music, but a new period-instrument recording from a Dutch source, Frans Brüggen's Orchestra of the 18th Century, features the no less brilliant Eric Hoeprich. He plays a reconstruction of the previously obsolete basset clarinet, pioneered by Mozart's friend Anton Stadler. Its lower compass, which the composer exploits to marvellous effect, lends the music a darker quality than the usual E flat clarinet transcription. This lovely Philips recording (420 242-2, CD) couples the concerto with an equally attractive account of the *Clarinet Quintet*.

Simultaneously, Philips is proceeding with a series of Mozart symphony records with the English Baroque Soloists under John Eliot Gardiner. The latest release (420 937-2, CD) includes a flamboyant account of the Paris Symphony with the alternative original *Andante*—rejected because it was harmonically too daring for contemporary Parisian musical taste—and a sparkling performance of the three-movement C major symphony K338.

Moving on a century or more, I recommend the most recent issues in Leonard Bernstein's second Mahler cycle on records, this one recorded live for Deutsche Grammophon with three different orchestras. The Fourth and Fifth were released to celebrate the maestro's 70th birthday in August and they are characteristic of his late style, controversial in tempo and expression, but compelling in their imaginative unfolding of Mahler's sound-world. Some may find the overtly emotional slow movements hard to take but the climaxes are thrilling and superbly recorded. The playing of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in the Fourth—with, exceptionally, a boy soprano in the Wunderhorn finale—and the Vienna Philharmonic in the Fifth is sumptuous. These discs (No 4: 423 607-2; No 5: 423 608-2) may not be Mahler for all seasons but should be heard on high days and holidays. They are exceptional mementos of Bernstein's live performances of these works at the Barbican and the Proms last year ●





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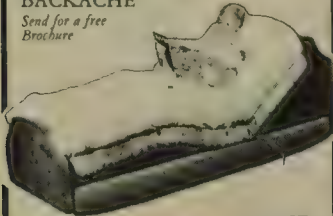
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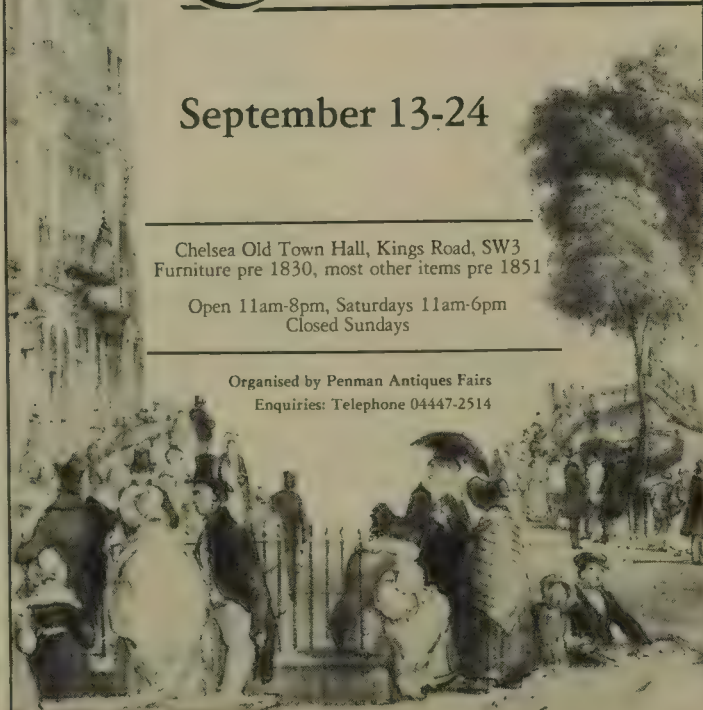
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At the 20th Century Art Fair, Cumberland Hotel, *Still Life With Teapot* by Nicholas Hely Hutchinson



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## THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

**The Admirable Crichton.** Impeccable servant proves to be most resourceful when he & his aristocratic employers are shipwrecked on an island. Major revival of the J. M. Barrie classic, starring Edward Fox & Rex Harrison. Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

**Bussy D'Ambois.** Jacobean tragedy by George Chapman about lust, ambition & double-dealing in the French Court. David Threlfall in the title role; directed by Jonathan Miller. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

**The Changeling.** Expensive-looking production of 17th-century tragedy dealing with sexual obsession. Richard Eyre directs Miranda Richardson & George Harris (both excellent). Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1988.

**Exclusive Yarns.** Spin-off from the popular TV serial: centres on a soap opera set in a wool shop, & a group of male fans who dress up as their favourite female stars. Takes a while to get going, but some funny moments. Stars Susie Blake, Brian Deacon & Pam Ferris. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

**Greek.** An updated *Oedipus*, with Britain replacing Thebes as the plague-ridden nation. Directed by the ever-controversial Steven Berkoff, who also stars, it is a savage indictment of the violence prevalent in modern society. Wyndhams, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (867 1116).

**Hyde Park.** James Shirley's Carolean comedy, updated to 1920s Bloomsbury, concerning the courtship of three young women. Directed by Barry Kyle, starring Fiona Shaw & Alex Jennings. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, cc).

**Not to be missed . . .** Louis Malle's brilliant film *Au Revoir Les Enfants* and John Lennon's life and works at the Business Design Centre.  
**Stay clear of . . .** Jean Michel Jarre—over-done and over-priced in London's Docklands

**Lettice & Lovage.** Maggie Smith heads the cast in Peter Shaffer's comedy about the relationship between two formidable women. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, cc 741 9999).

**Mrs Klein.** Melanie Klein (1882-1960) had one abiding passion: to bring psychoanalysis to childhood. Nicholas Wright's play examines how her battle to increase the world's store of happiness very nearly destroyed her own & focuses in particular on the death of her son in 1934. Peter Gill directs Gillian Barge. Cottesloe, National.

**The Shaughraun.** Spirited production of Dion Boucicault's 1870s melodrama, set in the west of Ireland. Howard Davies directs, Stephen Rea stars as the vagabond. One of this year's great nights out. Olivier, National. REVIEWED JULY, 1988.

**South Pacific.** Enjoyable revival for one of Rodgers & Hammerstein's best musicals. With Gemma Craven, Emile Belcourt & Bertice Reading. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (839 5987, cc 240 7200).

**The Strangeness of Others.** Nick Ward directs his new play, set in contemporary London & looking at the relationship between rich & poor. Despite an absorbing beginning, the play cannot answer its own questions about loneliness & alienation. Cottesloe, National. REVIEWED AUG, 1988.

**Three Sisters.** Major new production of Chekhov's masterpiece, directed by

John Barton. In a stifling provincial town, Irina (Stella Gonet), Olga (Deborah Findlay) & Masha (Harriet Walter) yearn for the bright lights of Moscow. Barbican.

**Titus Andronicus.** Deborah Warner's production stars Brian Cox in the title role & Estelle Kohler as Tamora. The Pit, Barbican. REVIEW ON P70.

**Too Clever By Half.** Alexander Ostrovsky's 19th-century comedy about a Russian con man, directed by Richard Jones. Old Vic.

**Uncle Vanya.** Chekhov at its best. A distinguished cast includes Michael Gambon, Michael Bryant, Imelda Staunton & Greta Scacchi. Not to be missed. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc). REVIEWED JULY, 1988.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**The Bite of the Night.** Première production of Howard Barker's epic tale of how Dr Savage (Nigel Terry), a classics teacher at a defunct university, absconds with a student (David O'Hara) on a surreal journey to the eleven Troys of antiquity—meeting Homer & Helen along the way. Danny Boyle directs. Opens Sept 5. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, cc).

**Dry Rot.** Ever-popular farce returns, with—inevitably—Brian Rix in the starring role. Opens Sept 28. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

**The Father.** First major London revival since 1964 of Strindberg's intense drama of conflict between the sexes. Directed by David Leveaux & starring Anton Rodgers. Opens Sept 21. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

**An Ideal Husband.** Wilde's comedy of manners & morals stars Jeremy Sinden, Stephanie Turner, Moray Watson & Jeremy Nicholas. Sept 5-10. Ashcroft, Fairfield Halls, Croydon (688 9291, cc).

**Re:Joyce!** The life story of Joyce Grenfell, one of Britain's best-loved comedienne. Maureen Lipman, who stars, also co-wrote the script with James Roose Evans, basing it on Grenfell's writings & diaries. Alan Strachan directs. Opens Sept 8. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

**The Sneezes.** A collection of humorous one-act plays & short stories by Chekhov, newly translated & adapted by Michael Frayn. Ronald Eyre directs an impressive cast including Timothy West & Rowan Atkinson. Opens Sept 21. Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc).

**The Taming of the Shrew.** Brian Cox & Fiona Shaw battle it out as Petruchio & Katherine in Jonathan Miller's production. Opens Sept 6. Barbican.

## STAYERS

**Beyond Reasonable Doubt**, Queens (734 1166); **Cats**, New London (405 0072); **Chess**, Prince Edward (734 8951); **Follies**, Shaftesbury (379 5399); **42nd Street**, Drury Lane (836 8108); **Les Liaisons Dangereuses**, Ambassador's (836 6111); **Me & My Girl**, Adelphi (836 7611); **Les Misérables**, Palace (434 0909); **The Mousetrap**, St Martin's (836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera**, Her Majesty's (839 2244); **Run For Your Wife**, Criterion (867 1117); **A Small Family Business**, Olivier, National (928 2252); **Starlight Express**, Apollo Victoria (828 8665).

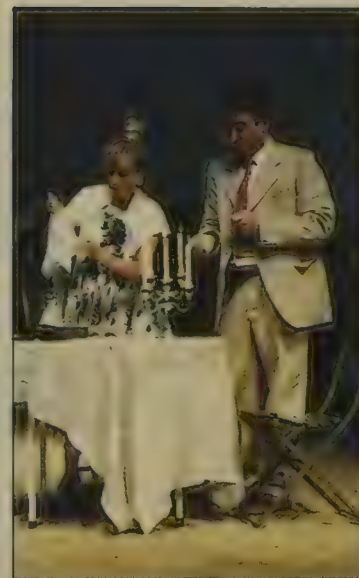




Sculptor Ann Carrington at the Hossack Gallery



Yoko and Lennon, by Lennon, at the Business Design Centre



Così fan tutte: opera on the South Bank

## FRINGE

**Danger! Women at Work.** Pot-pourri of theatre, mime & dance, written, produced & performed by women. "I see it as a chance to state loud & clear that we are in the front line in the world of creative entertainment," says Emily Claid, Artistic Director. Watch out on Sept 1 for Terri Carol, veteran variety-hall paper-tearer. Aug 30-Sept 4. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Dreams in an Empty City.** In the fast-moving Sydney business world, an innocent victim is stalked by a murderer he cannot identify. Written by Stephen Sewell & produced as part of the Lyric's "Oz 88" Bicentennial tribute. Opens Sept 1. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

**Our Country's Good.** Timberlake Wertenbaker's adaptation of Thomas Keneally's novel *The Playmaker* concerns a group of Australian convicts in 1789 preparing to stage a version of *The Recruiting Officer* by George Farquhar. Opens Sept 1 in repertory with *The Recruiting Officer*. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (836 2428, cc).

**Perrier Pick of the Fringe.** *Blood Wedding*, a London première from Comunicado of Lorca's classic, performed in a semi-operatic style based on the Spanish *zarzuela*; *Salt of the Earth*, a new play by John Godber for Hull Truck—a humorous celebration of life in the Yorkshire coalfields; *A Matter of Chance*, a dance play, adapted by Roger McGough from Vladimir Nabokov's story, for dance company The Kosh. Opens Sept 26. Donmar Warehouse, 42 Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230).

**RSC at the Almeida Season.** The RSC's return to 1970s experimentation continues to give the Almeida a high profile after savage GLA cuts: *Hello & Goodbye* by Athol Fugard, with Antony Sher & Estelle Kohler, directed by Joyce Honeyman. Sept 1 (m&e), 2,3 (m&e), 5-6, 12, 13, 19, 20, 23, 24 (m&e), 26-27. *Keeping Tom Nice* by Lucy Gannon, with Linus Roache, directed by Bill Buffery. Sept 7, 8 (m&e), 16, 17 (m&e), 28, 29 (m&e). *Oedipus*, adapted from Seneca by Ted Hughes, with John Shrapnel & Phil Daniels, directed by Donald Sumptor. Sept 9, 10 (m&e),

14, 15 (m&e), 21, 22 (m&e), 30, Oct 1 (m&e). Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404, cc).

**The Zap Club.** Edgar Allan Poe's horror story *The Tell-Tale Heart* interpreted by an impressive array of performance artists, including Ian Smith & Kathy Acker. Sept 9-16. Purcell Room. SEE BACKSTAGE P71.

## CINEMA

*The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.*

**A Bout de Souffle** (15). Re-release of Jean-Luc Godard's 1960 "new-wave" classic romantic thriller, with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a gangster on the run from the police, & Jean Seberg. REVIEWED AUG, 1988.

**Au Revoir Les Enfants** (15). Louis Malle has written & directed this brilliant account of a tragic episode from his own childhood. Two friends at a Catholic boarding school in occupied France in 1944 find themselves at the mercy of events when it becomes apparent that one of them is Jewish. It says something for the power of the film that you leave feeling both devastated & optimistic. Unmissable. Opens Sept 23. Curzon, Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737).

**Beetlejuice** (15). Lightweight comedy-of-terrors with Michael Keaton as a ghost employed to drive a family out of their home because they intend to decorate it in bad taste.

**Biloxi Blues** (15). Mike Nichols directs Neil Simon's rites-of-passage comedy. Opens Sept 9. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (200 0200, cc 240 7200). REVIEW ON P72.

**Buster** (15). Loosely based on the Great Train Robbery, wisecracking Buster Edwards (Phil Collins) attempts to pull off the perfect crime. Julie Walters co-stars. Opens Sept 16. Odeon Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

**Death of a Salesman** (PG). Volker Schlöndorff's brave adaptation of Arthur Miller's play, using stylised theatrical sets, is handicapped by a starring performance from Dustin Hoffman that can only be described as

pure ham. A Brooklyn family discovers that if you have no money, the American dream can be a nightmare.

**The Deceivers** (PG). More rum doings in the Raj, this time concerning an Englishman's attempt to infiltrate the murderous thuggee (deceivers) cult in 1825. Starring Pierce Brosnan, Shashi Kapoor, Saeed Jaffrey, Keith Michell & Helena Michell, it does not do justice to the John Masters novel on which it is based. Opens Sept 23. Odeon Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697).

**Drowning by Numbers** (18). After the accessible *Belly of an Architect*, Peter Greenaway's new tale of deliberate drownings in a Suffolk coastal village is a return to arty obscurity. Even the presence of Joan Plowright & Juliet Stevenson cannot redeem it. Opens Sept 2. Gate Cinema, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043); Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691).

**Frantic** (15). The wife of an American cardiologist goes missing in Paris under mysterious circumstances. Roman Polanski directs Harrison Ford & newcomer Emmanuelle Seigner. The film loses its way & is dated & shallow. Opens Sept 16. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791).

**A Man in Love** (18). Slow-moving story of a traumatic love-affair between a married actor & his co-star, directed by Diane Kurys. Lack of substance is made up for by beautiful Rome locations & strong performances from Peter Coyote & Greta Scacchi.

**Pathfinder** (15). First film ever in the Lapp language & a real gem. Based on ancient legend, evil Tchude warriors stalk peaceful Lapps over the snowy wastes. Haunting, pacy & superbly acted by an amateur cast: deserves a much wider audience than it will receive. Opens Sept 23. Cannon, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861).

**Switching Channels** (PG). Variation on the *Broadcast News* theme, with Kathleen Turner, Burt Reynolds & Christopher Reeve rushing around behind the cameras. Opens Aug 26. Odeon Leicester Sq. REVIEW ON P73.

**Track 29** (18). Nicolas Roeg directs Dennis Potter's story of the intense relationship between a frustrated housewife (Theresa Russell) & a tall, dark stranger (Gary Oldman) who claims to be her long-lost son. Impressive. REVIEWED AUG, 1988.

**Vincent** (PG). Paul Cox's appraisal of the life of Vincent Van Gogh, told through the artist's letters (narrated by John Hurt), backed with stills from paintings & location shots of the countryside that inspired them. A difficult film, but worth bearing with.

**A World Apart** (18). It is 1963 in South Africa & a white anti-apartheid activist is arrested by the police. Though her daughter does not understand at first, gradually she grows to respect her mother's motives. Stars Barbara Hershey & Jodhi May, joint winners of the Best Actress award at Cannes this year. Opens Aug 26. Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805, cc). REVIEW ON P72.

**Yeelen** (PG). Sluggish, mystical adventure from Mali concerning a feud between father & son. Although it is beautifully filmed, director Souleymane Cisse fails to generate the tension necessary for the show-down. Opens Sept 16. Renoir, Brunswick Sq, WC1 (837 8402).

## EXHIBITIONS

### OPENING

#### BARBICAN ART GALLERY

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**Harold Samuel Collection.** One of the finest private collections of 17th-century Dutch paintings on show for the first time: 83 Masters including two Frans Hals, five Brueghels, five van Ostades & five van Goyens. Until Oct 2. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

#### BUSINESS DESIGN CENTRE

Upper St, Islington Green, N1 (359 3535).

**Imagine.** First UK exhibition on the life & works of John Lennon. The sketches illustrating his love for Yoko & his family are not to be missed & are accompanied by photographs by Robert Freeman, the official Beatles photographer of the 60s. Sept 20-25, 10am-8pm. £4, concessions free.

#### CUMBERLAND HOTEL

Marble Arch, W1.

**20th-Century British Art Fair.** Fifty fine-art dealers (including David Messum, Gillian Jason & Austin/Desmond) offer paintings, drawings, prints & sculpture for sale, in this first





Pierce Brosnan, third from left, stars as William Savage in *The Deceivers*



Aztec West, Bristol, by the architects CZWG: designs at the Riba Heinz Gallery

annual fair. Sept 30, noon-9pm, Oct 1, 2, 11am-8pm, Oct 3, 4, 11am-7pm. Admission by catalogue, £5.

#### FLOWERS EAST

199-205 Richmond Rd, E8 (985 3533).

**Contemporary Portraits.** The Angela Flowers Gallery opens new premises in the East End this month with 4,500 sq ft of space making it the largest commercial gallery in London. This first show includes four new drawings by David Hockney, works by Elisabeth Frink, Lucian Freud, Anthony Green, Tom Phillips, Eduardo Paolozzi & many others. Sept 21-Nov 12. Wed-Sun 10am-6pm.

**REBECCA HOSSACK GALLERY**  
35 Windmill St, W1 (409 3599).

**Ann Carrington: Keep Britain Spicy!** Bizarre sculptures made from detritus found on the streets of London. Sardine cans become glittering fish, & car tyres turn into armadillos. Aug 31-Sept 24. Mon-Sat 11am-7pm.

#### MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

South Bank, SE1 (928 3535, cc 928 3232).

Eagerly awaited opening of the NFT's multi-million-pound "celebration of celluloid". Video-screenings, guided tours & 50 exhibitions tell the history of cinema from the pioneering days of the Lumière brothers in Paris. Opens Sept 15. See it to believe it! Tues-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 10am-6pm. £3.25, concessions £2.50.

**NEW ACADEMY GALLERY**  
34 Windmill St, W1 (323 4700).

**David Smith: Journeys Over Land & Sea.** Haunting oils & watercolours from travels through 25 countries. Particularly impressive are those from Antarctic voyages. Sept 8-Oct 3. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

#### RIBA HEINZ GALLERY

21 Portman Sq, W1 (580 5533).

**CZWG 68-88: The Buildings of Campbell, Zogolovitch, Wilkinson & Gough.** Inspired designs by the four architects displayed in equally inspiring sculptural installations. Sept 15-Oct 22. Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (439 7438).

**Henry Moore.** Major retrospective of the work of Britain's greatest 20th-century sculptor, who would have been 90 this year. Over 180 exhibits will be

shown, including the Mexican-influenced pieces of his early years, drawings made as Official War Artist, 1939-45, & large scale work from the 60s. Sept 16-Dec 11. Daily 10am-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2. REVIEW ON P70.

**VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM**  
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 3500).

**Avant-Première.** The latest in French furniture design with pieces by Marie Christine Dorner, Elizabeth Garouste & Mattia Bonetti, & Jean Nouvel. Sept 7-Oct 16. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

### STILL SHOWING

#### BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (638 4141).

**International Art Show for the End of World Hunger.** Works by Andy Warhol, Howard Hodgkin, Roy Lichtenstein & many others, brought together to raise public awareness of Third World starvation. The show opened in Minnesota in 1987 & has been seen in Norway, Sweden, Cologne & Paris. Until Oct 2.

**L. S. Lowry.** Includes classic representations of the northern working class—"matchstick men" dwarfed by the huge industrial institutions that moulded their lives. First London showing of Lowry's work since his death in 1976. Until Oct 2.

Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

#### BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell, St, WC1 (636 1555).

**The Age of Dürer & Holbein: German Drawings 1400-1550.** The highlight is undoubtedly a selection of six watercolours by Dürer that includes his famous *Weierhaus* & *Study of water, sky & pine trees*. Until Oct 16. Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. £2, concessions £1.

#### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

**French Painting from the USSR: Watteau to Matisse.** First major exhibition of French paintings from the USSR with nearly 40 works lent from the Hermitage & Pushkin. Until Sept 18. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

**NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM**  
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 9388).

**Chinese Dionsaurs.** Celebrating the

Year of the Dragon, the museum plays host to six oriental skeletons. Centre-piece is the Mamenchisaurus, 22 metres long with a neck measuring 11 metres (the longest neck in the world). Until Jan 31, 1989. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 1-6pm. £2, concessions £1 (free Mon-Fri 4.30-6pm, Sat 5-6pm, Sun).

#### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

**Late Picasso.** An intriguing selection of Picasso's work: paintings, drawings & prints. Until Sept 18. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £3, concessions £1.50. REVIEWED JUNE, 1988.

#### WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

**Lucio Fontana Retrospective.** First comprehensive survey of Fontana's work to be shown in this country: includes large slit-canvases of the 50s & 60s that made his reputation as innovator in post-war Europe. Until Sept 18. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed 11am-8pm. REVIEWED AUG, 1988.

### AFTER DARK

*Please phone to confirm details.*

**Asylum.** As "acid-house" music continues its take-over of the hip London club scene, new venues are opening up outside the West End. A trip worth the trip. Fridays. The Crypt, St Matthew's Church, Brixton Hill, SW2.

**Canal Cafe.** Every night is alternative comedy night: a regular haunt for the best stand-ups. Bridge House Pub, Delamere Terrace, W2 (289 6054).

**Club Sandino.** Latin, Salsa & jazz sounds for a mainly student crowd. Your jiving instructors are Simon Booth & Sue Steward. Fridays. Rosemary Branch, 2 Shepperton Rd, N1 (226 6110).

**Jongleurs.** Friendly alternative cabaret venue with the emphasis on variety. Best to book. Fri-Sun. Cornet, 49 Lavender Gdns, SW11 (585 0955).

**Old White Horse.** More cabaret, but much more polemical than Jongleurs. If Alexei Sayle was starting out today, this is where he'd play. Fridays. 261 Brixton Rd, SW9 (274 5537).

**Stringfellows.** Ever-popular disco. Tickets are a favourite handout for TV & sports personalities. 16/19 Upper St Martin's Lane, WC2 (240 5534).

**Tattershall Castle.** Not a castle, but a

ship on the Thames. Chart sounds for a generally older crowd (Tuesdays: 60s night). Victoria Embankment, SW1 (839 6548).

### JAZZ

**Bobby Bradford Quartet.** American trumpeter, ex-Ornette Coleman band, who deserves to be better known. Bluesy brass tones. Sept 1. Bass Clef, 85 Coronet St, N1 (729 2440).

**Digby Fairweather Jazz Band.** A tribute to the music of the supremely talented but self-destructive cornetist Leon "Bix" Beiderbecke (1903-31). The band is joined by two great veterans, Harry Gold (bass sax) & Spiggle Willcox (trombone). Sept 29. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Courtney Pine.** After a disappointing first album, the "Great British Hope" is now firing on all cylinders. Tenor sax at its best. Recommended. Sept 18. The Hawth Arts Centre, Crawley, West Sussex (0923 353636).

**"Puffball".** A unique evening of literature & jazz: Fay Weldon reads her stories, accompanied by a modern-jazz quintet led by her son Nick. Sept 11. Bass Clef.

**Norma Winstone Quartet.** Britain's top jazz vocalist holds court. Sept 20. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre.

### ROCK

**Joan Armatrading.** Angstful singer/songwriter experiencing renewed popularity after appearance at Mandela Day, & currently wrestling fans back from inferior copyist Tracy Chapman. Sept 30, Oct 1-3. Hammersmith Odeon, W6 (748 4081).

**Belinda Carlisle.** Punchy chart-pop from "the new Madonna", here to push her greatest-hits album "Heaven on Earth". Sept 14-16. Hammersmith Odeon.

**Jean Michel Jarre.** Ridiculously overblown laser extravaganza, featuring synth-based "classical pop" (remember "Oxygene"?). Sept 24. "London Docklands", Royal Victoria Docks. Tickets from PO Box 2, W6 0LQ; cheques payable to RGE Events (748 1414 cc).





Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducts the Hallé Orchestra in the Albert Hall



Firing on all cylinders, Courtney Pine plays at the Hawth Centre, Crawley

## CLASSICS

### ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212/9465, cc 379 4444).

**Henry Wood Promenade Concerts.** Nightly until Sept 17.

**Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.** Two concerts under Riccardo Chailly. Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 19 & Bruckner's Symphony No 3, Sept 2; Shostakovich's Cello Concerto No 2, with Lynn Harrell, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 4, Sept 3; 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Hans Werner Henze conducts the UK premiere of his Sieben Liebeslieder for cello & orchestra, & scenes & arias from his own arrangement of Monteverdi's *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*. Sept 4, 7.30pm.

**London Sinfonietta,** under Lothar Zagrosek, play Stravinsky, Zimmermann, Banks, Weill. Sept 8, 7pm.

**Hallé Orchestra.** Wotan's Farewell from *Die Walküre*, sung by James Morris, & Bruckner's Symphony No 4, conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Sept 9, 7.30pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Beethoven's cantata *Calm Sea & Prosperous Voyage*, Weber's Konzertstück in F minor & Das Klagende Lied by Mahler, with Margaret Price, Jard Van Nes & Siegfried Jerusalem. Sept 11, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers.** Pierre Boulez conducts Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, with Jessye Norman, soprano, & *The Miraculous Mandarin* by Bartók. Sept 14, 7.30pm.

**London Classical Players, Schütz Choir of London.** Beethoven's Choral Symphony, played on instruments suited to the date of its first performance in 1824, & conducted by Roger Norrington. Sept 16, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus & Singers,** under Andrew Davis, round off the season with the traditional fare plus a few novelties, including the Letter Scene from *Eugene Onegin*, sung by Joan Rodgers. Sept 17, 7.30pm.

### BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891, cc).

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Michael Tilson Thomas's first concerts as principal conductor: Knussen, Hol-

loway, Mahler, Sept 15, 7.45pm; Wagner, Prokofiev, Bartók, Sept 18, 7.30pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** Rafael Frübeck de Burgos conducts two performances of *Belshazzar's Feast* by William Walton, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Sept 25, 7.30pm; Sept 27, 7.45pm.

### FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Beethoven Plus:** Three months of concerts & recitals in which the music of Beethoven is explored in the context of its period & of the composer's contemporaries.

**London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir.** Klaus Tennstedt conducts Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. Sept 18, 7.30pm.

**Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields.** Murray Perahia plays Beethoven's five Piano Concertos, under Neville Martin. Nos 1 & 3, Sept 19; Nos 2 & 4, Sept 22; No 5, Sept 24; 7.30pm.

**London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir.** Roger Norrington conducts a concert performance of Beethoven's *Leonore*, the original version of *Fidelio*, with Suzanne Murphy & Philip Langridge. Sept 25, 7pm.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre.

**Beethoven Plus.** An introduction by Dr Clive Brown, Lecturer in Music at Queen's College, Oxford, who surveys the musical styles to be explored & sets the scene for the series, with the Nash Ensemble. Sept 18, 6pm.

**City of London Sinfonia.** Ruggiero Ricci is the soloist in Beethoven's Violin Concerto & Romance in F, under Richard Hickox. Sept 21, 7.45pm.

**Abbey Simon,** piano. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Rachmaninov, Ravel. Sept 25, 3pm.

**Budapest Wind Ensemble.** Hummel, Beethoven, Krommer, Mozart, Brahms. Sept 27, 7.45pm.

**Nash Ensemble.** Mendelssohn, Hummel, Beethoven. Sept 28, 7.45pm.

**London Classical Players.** 10th anniversary concert: Roger Norrington conducts Beethoven, Spohr, Schubert. Sept 29, 7.45pm.

### WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

**Haydn Festival.** A series of recitals,

under the artistic direction of the pianist András Schiff, focussing on the last 10 years of the composer's creative life. Soloists include the Takács Quartet, Yuuko Shiokawa, violin, Steven Isserlis, cello, Marie McLaughlin, soprano, Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano. Sept 3-10.

**Boris Beresovsky,** piano. The winner of the fourth prize at the 1987 Leeds Piano Competition plays Beethoven, Prokofiev, Schumann. Sept 16, 7.30pm.

**Carl-Axel Dominique,** piano. Olivier Messiaen, an 80th-birthday celebration, including his *Catalogue d'Oiseaux*. Sept 19, 21, 23, 7.30pm.

**Christoph Homberger,** tenor, **Ulrich Koella,** piano. First London appearance of a new Lieder partnership. The young Swiss tenor sings Schubert's Winterreise. Sept 24, 7.30pm.

## OPERA

### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

**Carmen.** The season begins with a revival of David Pountney's production, set in a 20th-century car dump. Jean Rigby sings Carmen, with Jacque Trussel as José; Sergei Leiferkus & Gregory Yurisch share the role of Escamillo. Aug 26, 30, Sept 2, 8, 10, 13, 16, 21, 24, 27.

**Tosca.** Janice Cairns sings the title role in Jonathan Miller's production which takes place in Rome in 1944. Scarpia (Malcolm Donnelly) is depicted as the fascist police chief & Cavaradossi (Edmund Barham) as a resistance hero. Aug 27, 31, Sept 3, 7, 9, 15, 19, 22, 28, 30.

**La traviata.** New production by David Pountney, conducted by Mark Elder, with Helen Field as Violetta, Arthur Davies as Alfredo & Alan Opie as Germont. Sept 14, 17, 20, 23, 29.

### ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Turandot.** The season opens with a revival of Andrei Serban's production in which Gwyneth Jones, celebrating the 25th anniversary of her Covent Garden debut, sings the title role; with Franco Bonisolli as Calaf. Edward Downes conducts. Sept 12, 16, 19, 22, 27, 30.

**Die Entführung aus dem Serail.** Conductor Jane Glover and Italian soprano Mariella Devia, who sings Konstanze, both make their company débuts in Elijah Moshinsky's production. Sept 17, 20, 24, 26, 28.

**Das Rheingold.** Yuri Lyubimov directs the prologue to a new *Ring*, to be completed in 1991, with designs by Paul HERNON. Bernard Haitink conducts; the cast includes James Morris as Wotan, Ekkehard Wlaschiha as Alberich, Nancy Gustafson as Freia, Kenneth Riegel as Loge. Sept 29.

### SUMMERSCOPE

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). **Così fan tutte.** David Freeman's production for Opera Factory, which sets the action on a beach & dresses the couples in swimsuits, with Marie Angel & Christine Botes as the two sisters. Sept 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 14, 16.

**A Night at the Chinese Opera.** Judith Weir's opera, based on a 13th-century Chinese political satire, produced for Kent Opera by Richard Jones. Cast includes Meryl Drower, Tomos Ellis, David Johnstone, Alan Oke. Andrew Parrott conducts. Sept 8, 9.

## DANCE

**Danger! Women at Work.** Exclusively female show; Liz Aggiss, Grotesque Dancer (with music by Billy Cowie), & Kathak dance from Nahid Siddiqui. Sept 2. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Dub & Dance:** an evening of poetry & dance with Benjamin Zephaniah & Union Dance Company. Reggae-influenced. Sept 15. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre.

**Marcel Marceau.** Although the greasepaint has to cover a few wrinkles these days, Marceau remains the undisputed king of mime. Aug 30-31, Sept 1 (m&e), 2, 3 (m&e). Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (279 8919, cc).

**Paco Peña's Flamenco Dance Company.** Peña's spirited guitar playing sets the pace. Sept 5-8, 10. Barbican Hall, EC2 (638 8891, cc).

**Rose of London School of Samba.** A rare performance, accompanied by Afro-Brazilian samba music. Sept 17, 12.15-1.45pm. Terrace Foyer, Barbican Centre. Free.



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## LIST OF THE MONTH

### ARCHAEOLOGICAL LONDON

As the excavation of the Guildhall Roman amphitheatre reaches its conclusion, here are a few more notable London "finds":

**1 Bones of Woolly Mammoth with Flint Axe**, c100,000 BC. Found in 1690 in what is now King's Cross Road. First recorded discovery of a Palaeolithic tool associated with an extinct animal. British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

**2 Temple of Mithras**, c AD300. The cult of the sun-god Mithras, Persian in

origin, was of minority appeal among Roman soldiers. The site, at the junction of Queen Victoria Street & Walbrook, EC4, is a favourite visiting place for modern-day pagans.

**3 Viking Tombstone**, c AD1010. Stone slab with a carving of a lion fighting a serpent, & Old Norse inscriptions, discovered in 1852 in St Paul's churchyard at a depth of eight metres. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

**4 Battersea Shield**, c AD50. Beautiful bronze shield, in perfect condition, recovered from the Thames at Battersea in 1857. British Museum.

**5 Edward II's House**, "The Rosary", c1324. Major new find (at Pickle Herring St, SE1), still under excavation.

**6 Cheapside Jewellery Hoard**, 1580-1620. Box of Elizabethan & Jacobean

treasure, hidden under the floorboards of a house on the corner of Friday St & Cheapside. Discovered in 1912. Museum of London; Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 8500).

**7 Bones of straight-toothed tigers, cave-lions, bears & bison**, c500,000-200,000 BC. All recovered from the Crayford brick-earth pits, near Bexley. British Museum.

**8 Bronze Head of Emperor Hadrian**, c AD122. Found in the Thames at London Bridge in 1834. British Museum.

**9 Iron Age Fort** ("Caesar's Camp"), Wimbledon Common, c300 BC. Not much to see, just a mound on the south side of the Common (on the golf course).

**10 Walbrook Coin Hoard**, c1070. Loads of saxon money. Discovered in 1872. British Museum.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Cricket:** Nat West Trophy Final. Sept 3. Lords, NW8 (289 1611).

**Flower Festival.** A blooming good display, with proceeds to the RAF Benevolent Fund. Sept 16-18. St Clement Danes Church, The Strand, WC2. 9.30am-7.30pm. £2 (inc programme).

**Rock & Roll Memorabilia.** Includes four plastic "real hair" Beatles & four inflatables, c 1965, estimated at £300-£500. Sept 12, 10am. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

**Wideworld: The Rhino War.** The fight goes on to save the rhino, but at tremendous cost—latest film report from Philip Cayford for National Geographic. Sept 14, BBC2, 8.10pm.

## BOOKS: THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

### HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (—) **A Brief History of Time** by Stephen Hawking. Bantam Books, £14.95. How the world came about.

2 (1) **Moonwalk** by Michael Jackson. Heinemann, £9.95. The book that tells almost nothing!

3 (3) **Never Despair:** Winston Churchill 1945-65 by Martin Gilbert. Heinemann, £25. The last volume of a great biography.

4 (4) **Queen Mary's Dolls' House** by Marty Stuart-Wilson. Bodley Head, £15. Lutyens's fabulous dolls' house.

5 (—) **Leading from the Front:** the autobiography of Mike Gatting by Mike Gatting & Angela Patmore. Queen Anne Press, £12.95.

6 (—) **As I Am: an Autobiography** by Patricia Neal. Century, £12.95. Heart-rending account of a tragedy-prone actress.

7 (—) **An Ocean Apart** by David Dimbleby and David Reynolds. Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95. The book of the TV series.

8 (—) **Wallis: the Secret Lives of the Duchess of Windsor** by Charles Higham. Sidgwick & Jackson, £14.95.

9 (—) **All Round View** by Imran Khan. Chatto & Windus, £12.95. Fifteen years in cricket's upper reaches.

10 (10) **When The Fighting Is Over** by John Lawrence. Bloomsbury, £12.95.

### PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (1) **Hip and Thigh Diet** by Rosemary Conley. Arrow Books, £2.50. As if the other bits don't need watching too!

2 (9) **The Life of My Choice** by Wilfred Thesiger. Fontana, £5.95. What makes a great traveller.

3 (2) **Little Wilson and Big God** by Anthony Burgess. Penguin, £5.95. Vol 1 of the autobiography of a modern master.

4 (4) **Proms Guide 88.** BBC, £1.50. Essential guide for the music lover.

5 (7) **Cricket, XXXX Cricket** by Frances Edmonds. Pan Books, £2.99. Waspish account of that Australian tour.

6 (—) **Having a Baby** by Nancy Kohner. BBC, £5.95. For all parents-to-be.

7 (—) **Talking Heads** by Alan Bennett. BBC, £4.95. Six brilliantly observed monologues.

8 (—) **Boycott** by Geoff Boycott. Corgi, £4.95. A fighting and triumphant autobiography.

9 (3) **The Blind Watchmaker** by Richard Dawkins. Penguin, £4.95. A powerful examination of the theory of evolution.

10 (—) **Europe by Train** by Katie Wood and George MacDonald. Fontana, £4.95. The vade-mecum for all impoverished travellers.

### HARDBACK FICTION

1 (5) **Rivals** by Jilly Cooper. Bantam Press, £10.95. Similar jaunty mixture as its galloping predecessor.

2 (6) **To be The Best** by Barbara Taylor Bradford. Grafton Books, £11.95. Continuing the story of the indomitable Harte family.

3 (2) **Rock Star** by Jackie Collins. Heinemann, £10.95. This particular world seems full of pop stars.

4 (1) **Summer's Lease** by John Mortimer. Viking, £10.95. The dangers of taking a Tuscan holiday Villa.

5 (—) **The Coming of the King** by Nicolai Tolstoy. Bantam Books, £10.95. A complicated but compelling account of the Arthurian legend.

6 (—) **Love in the Time of Cholera** by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Jonathan Cape, £11.45. Beguiling Caribbean love story by a major writer.

7 (—) **Wildtrack** by Bernard Cornwell. Michael Joseph, £11.95. Sea story beginning with the Falklands war.

8 (7) **Medusa** by Hammond Innes. Collins, £10.95. A Communist plot on Minorca and an exciting yarn.

9 (—) **Glamorous Powers** by Susan Howatch. Collins, £10.95. A novel about the use and abuse of power.

10 (—) **Alaska** by James Michener. Secker & Warburg, £12.95. Another from the master of the factual novel.

### PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (4) **Sepulchre** by James Herbert. Coronet, £3.50. Another horror thriller from the man who has sold 13 million.

2 (—) **Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency** by Douglas Adams. Pan Books, £2.99.

3 (6) **Sarum** by Edward Rutherfurd. Arrow Books, £4.50. History of England through the eyes of Salisbury.

4 (—) **The Songlines** by Bruce Chatwin. Pan Books, £3.95. Clever novel set in aboriginal Australia.

5 (—) **Glittering Images** by Susan Howatch. Fontana, £3.95. New series set in the 1930s.

6 (1) **Rage** by Wilbur Smith. Pan Books, £3.99. The South African struggle by a master storyteller.

7 (2) **The Garden of Shadows** by Virginia Andrews. Fontana, £3.50.

8 (3) **Destiny** by Sally Beauman. Bantam Books, £3.95. Rich French businessman falls for English girl.

9 (—) **Echoes** by Maeve Binchy. Coronet, £3.95. Plenty of passion.

10 (9) **The Unbearable Lightness of Being** by Milan Kundera. Faber & Faber, £3.95. Marvellous example of this Czech exile's work.

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.



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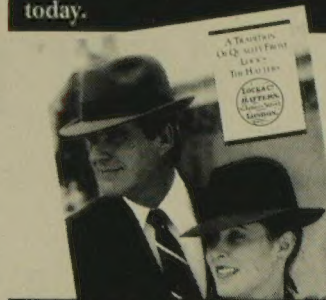
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# Letter from LAFAYETTE STREET

Graydon Carter, New York

Has Britain yet tired of hearing about the acquisitive exploits of Donald and Ivana Trump? Probably not. Americans certainly haven't. Even those who abhor the self-professed wunderkind's antics—a not insignificant demographic group—maintain a vigilant eye on him, much in the way one would on a new neighbour who had just moved operating equipment into his cellar. I suspect British interest in Trump will rival its long-running obsession with *Dynasty*, a programme, incidentally, that was always a much bigger hit in Britain than it ever was in New York.

The peculiarly British enthrallment in *Dynasty* and now the Trumps is, in its way, a form of snobbery—the old country's fascination/abhorrence with the vulgarities of the New World. And little in the New World is as vulgar as the Trumps, a pair said to be worth anywhere from \$850 million to \$3 billion, and when it comes to the cheesy trinkets they choose to spend it on, not shy at all about telling you how big, how tall, how many, how much.

The British in Los Angeles or New York enjoy wallowing in this display of sheer monied excess. This is the America they wanted to see, and consequently, it is the America they do see—what better an impression to allow the Briton to feel superior as he casts his rarefied eye over a globe that once belonged to him alone. They may have the money, he can say, but my God, look what they have to go through to get it, and look what they do with it once they've got it.

The vexation the New Yorker has in explaining to an outsider why Trump is so odious, is similar to the difficulty the Briton has in translating why Robert Maxwell—on paper, at least, an admirable figure: war victim, decorated officer, self-made millionaire, family man—is such a hoary monstrosity to Londoners.

You sort of have to be here.

Trump looks good on paper too. At 42, he is certainly one of the wealthiest men in America. Blond and good looking in a printer's salesman sort of way. His wife is, according to her husband, a former top model from Montreal. There are the three attractive children. The 10-acre, 45-room mansion in Greenwich. Triplex on Fifth Avenue. Vast New York real estate holdings. Trump Tower. Trump Plaza. Trump City. Trump's Castle. Limousines. Boats. Helicopters. Airplanes.

If there is a central theme in all that Trump does, it is that he gets flashy things on the cheap and then slaps his name on them. This name affixation business seems downright pathological. A few years ago Trump gave money to Vietnam vets, then took out advertisements all over New York, proclaiming "The Trump challenge"—ads which made great mention of his largess and goaded others to donate likewise. (This in a city where, every day, benefactors endow museums, hospitals, schools and civic groups with many times what Trump gave—usually on the stipulation that their gift be kept private.) Trump offered to repair the Wolran Skating rink in Central Park after city agencies had spent half a decade bungling the matter. When he had done, he had to be almost physically forced into removing his

name from the accompanying equipment house.

Since Trump has no real vision beyond this monomania for applying his own name to everything he builds or buys, he must scavenge the failed follies of other men's dreams. The black \$8 million French-made Puma helicopter with the word "Trump" in six-foot-high red letters emblazoned across its tail—that rests on a prominent landing pad adjacent to the West Side Highway, where everyone can see it—Trump bought for \$2 million from Steve Ross, the chief executive officer of Warner's. Ross was forced to sell the helicopter—which he had often used to ferry around the likes of Steven Spielberg—when he was under siege by his company's major stockholder who was infuriated by Ross's legendary, profligate ways.

Trump's most recent purchase, the 282-foot hoary, casino-like leviathan that he purchased from arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, was immediately christened "The Trump Princess". Other random, highly publicised purchases include a Boeing 727 jet, the Taj Mahal casino in Atlantic City and World Heavyweight Champion Mike Tyson. As it is with all these procurements, almost immediately, everyone in the world knows the new toy's particulars—how many rooms, how long, cruising

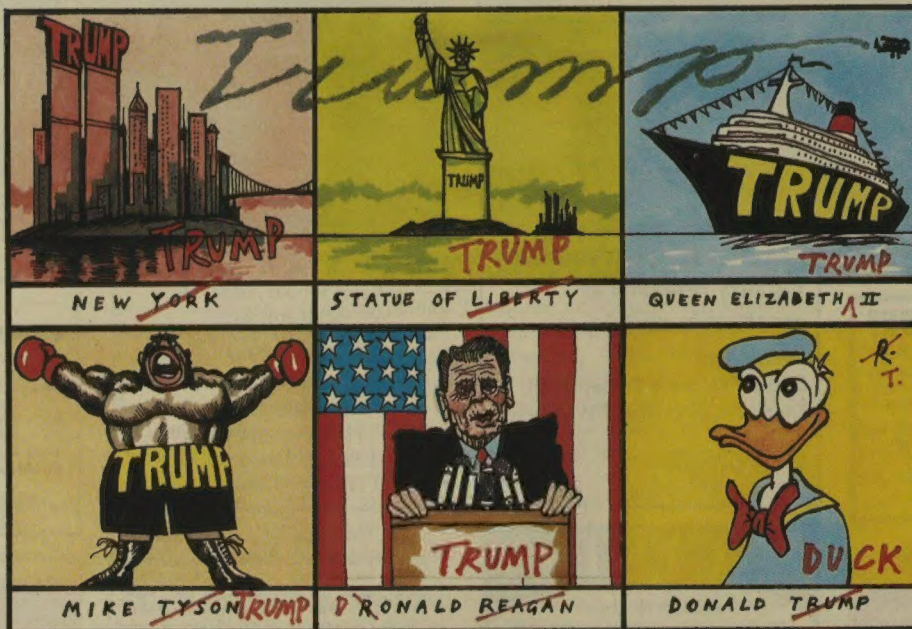
speed, how many weeks on the best-seller list (his *Art of the Deal*), onyx this, brass that. And, of course, purchase price, so eager is Trump to announce to the world his petty victories, that in the week following the October 19 stock market crash—a period when widows and orphans saw the value of their blue chip stocks drop by as much as 30 per cent—Trump crowed to the Press about how he claimed to have sold out in the weeks before the crash and pocketed \$30 million.

What's curious here is that America has a

perilously short memory about money. In this century old money is new money one generation removed. The fortune that backed America's one true royal family, the Kennedys remember, came from John F. Kennedy's father Joseph, who ran liquor across the border from Canada during Prohibition.

And, equally, the children of Trump can have important political office bought for them. Or Trump may have that privilege for himself. Pathetically, both the Republicans and the Democrats—both so craven for even a shimmer of perceived leadership—made overtures to Trump in one way or another over the past year. The political establishment's attraction for Trump stems from his real negotiating abilities and his self-promoted image of being a guy who is able to get things done. (He refused both offers, but has implied that the White House is his, once he decides he wants it.)

It is always said that America deserves the president it gets, and in Trump they might just be right. When he asked for a billion dollar tax abatement for a development he had planned on the west side of New York, Mayor Ed Koch called Trump: "piggy, piggy, piggy". Trump, in his very classy, presidential-material way, responded by calling the Mayor a moron, which is just the sort of man you want dealing with the Soviets. ●







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